

FIONA STAPLES BRIAN K. VAUGHAN



Saga™

VOLUME
TWELVE

VOLUME
TWELVE

SAGA



IMAGE COMICS, INC.

Robert Kirkman
CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
Erik Larsen
CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER
Todd McFarlane
PRESIDENT
Marc Silvestri
CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER
Jim Valentino
VICE PRESIDENT
Eric Stephenson
PUBLISHER / CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

imagecomics.com

SAGA, VOLUME TWELVE. Digital edition. April 2025. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: PO BOX 14457, Portland, OR 97293. Copyright © 2025 Brian K. Vaughan & Fiona Staples. All rights reserved. Contains material originally published in single magazine form as SAGA #67-72. "SAGA," its logos, and the likenesses of all characters herein are trademarks of Brian K. Vaughan & Fiona Staples, unless otherwise noted. "Image" and the Image Comics logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for journalistic or review purposes), without the express written permission of Brian K. Vaughan, Fiona Staples, or Image Comics, Inc. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, or places, without satirical intent, is coincidental. For international rights, contact: foreignlicensing@imagecomics.com. ISBN 978-1-5343-5533-0

gaTM

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN

WRITER

FIONA STAPLES

ARTIST

FONOGRAFIKS

LETTERING + DESIGN

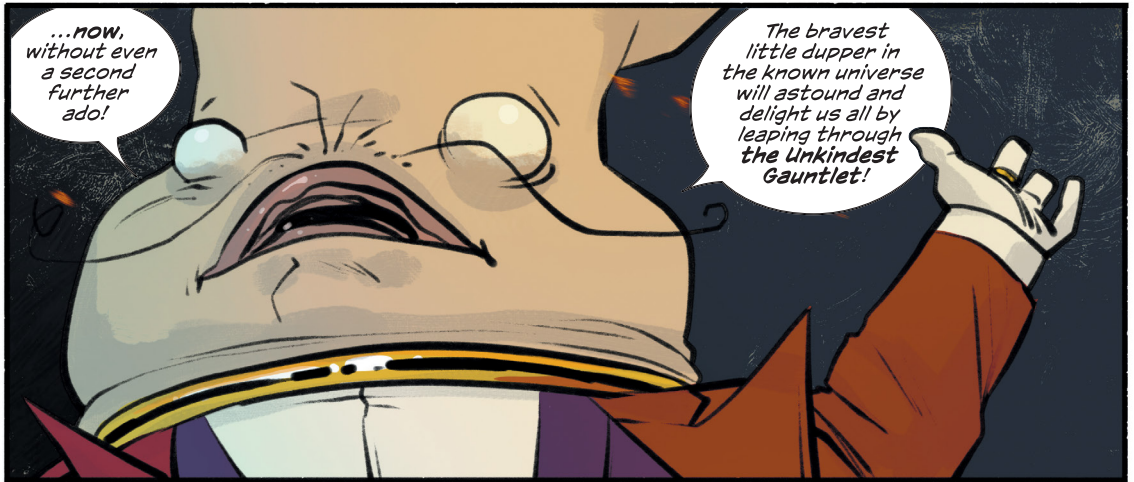
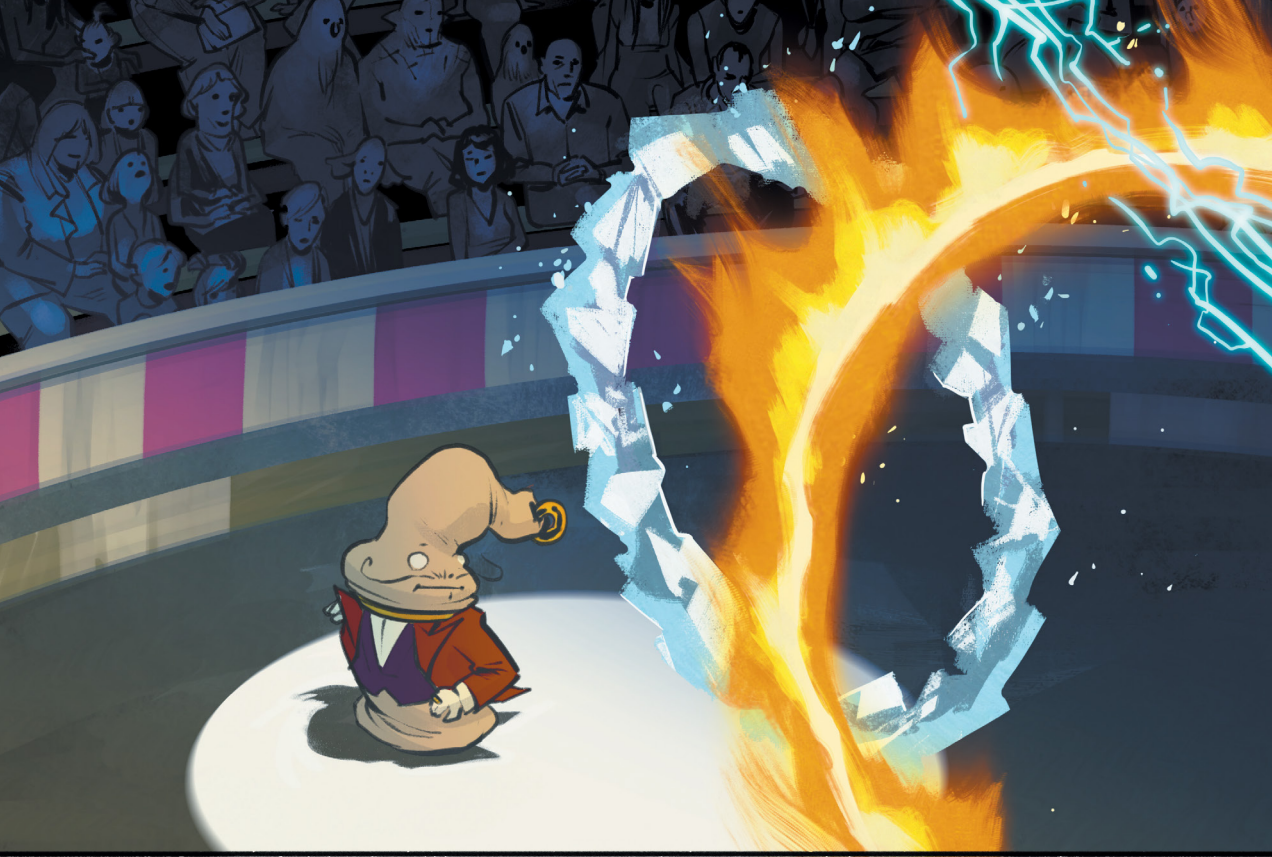


CHAPTER

SIXTY-SEVEN



*And now,
the moment
you've been
waiting for!*





Which was ironic, as I'd never been surrounded by more folks...

You can do it, Sploot!



...some of whom I even liked.

Let's just zap him in the nuts.

We're not gonna zap him anywhere, Junior!



But even the best of them were more like colleagues than kindred spirits, you know?

Master Rings is gonna be **pissed** if we go long again.

Just shush and let me think, ass-smell!





Phew.



Trouble, roustabouts?

Sounds like the rubes were gettin' restless.

Don't blame me, Pop.

Yeah, it was all my fault, Whist.



Forget about it, Lady H.

Timing is important, but once a show's over, all the audience remembers is whether or not we stuck the...



...yuh-oh.

I didn't know an animal could *have* that much diarrhea.

But he didn't spray the front row this time!

It had been six months since my family traded life in a camping tent for careers in the big top.

And while my younger brother and I merely tolerated our new responsibilities, Mom had really found her calling.



Will you clowns knock it the fuck off?!

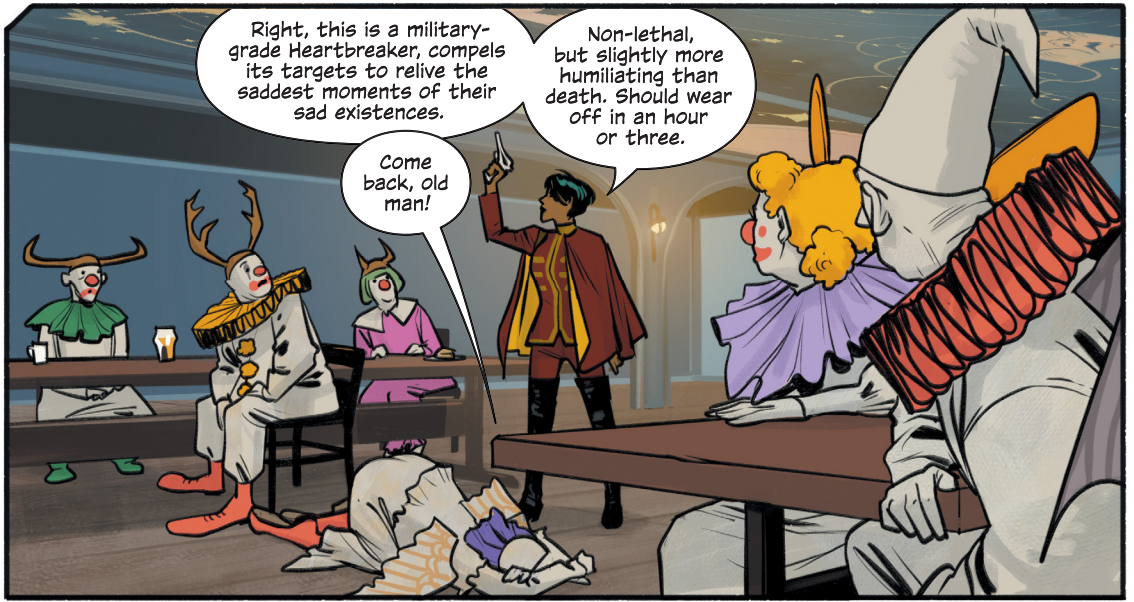


The wings started it, Chief!

Apparently, raising two kids is the ideal training to become a glorified bouncer.







Right, this is a military-grade Heartbreaker, compels its targets to relive the saddest moments of their sad existences.

Non-lethal, but slightly more humiliating than death. Should wear off in an hour or three.

Come back, old man!



Was I issued this fearsome weapon by my commanding officer, or did I perhaps take it off the fresh corpse of an enemy soldier I shot in the mouth?



That, of course, is none of your fucking business.

All you jokers need to know is that I will never hesitate to **use** this should any of you fail to adhere to our troupe's extremely lax code of conduct, understood?



Terrific.



Then next round is on me.

HOOK! MAY!



Did I break you?

Sorry, that's... unexpectedly kind, but I've got my little ones with me, like, perpetually, and, well...



Say no more.

Had to shoot my shot, but let's please forget I ever did.



Forget what?

Bless you.

Oh, and I'm digging that paperback you lent me.



You actually read it?

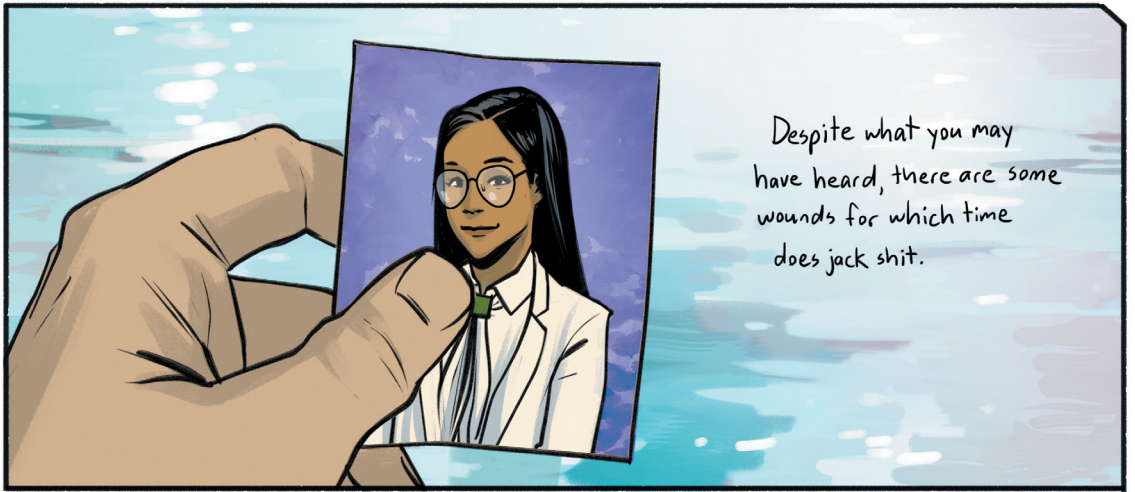
I'm up to Chapter Twelve, with Contessa and the talking chair?

It's definitely... different.

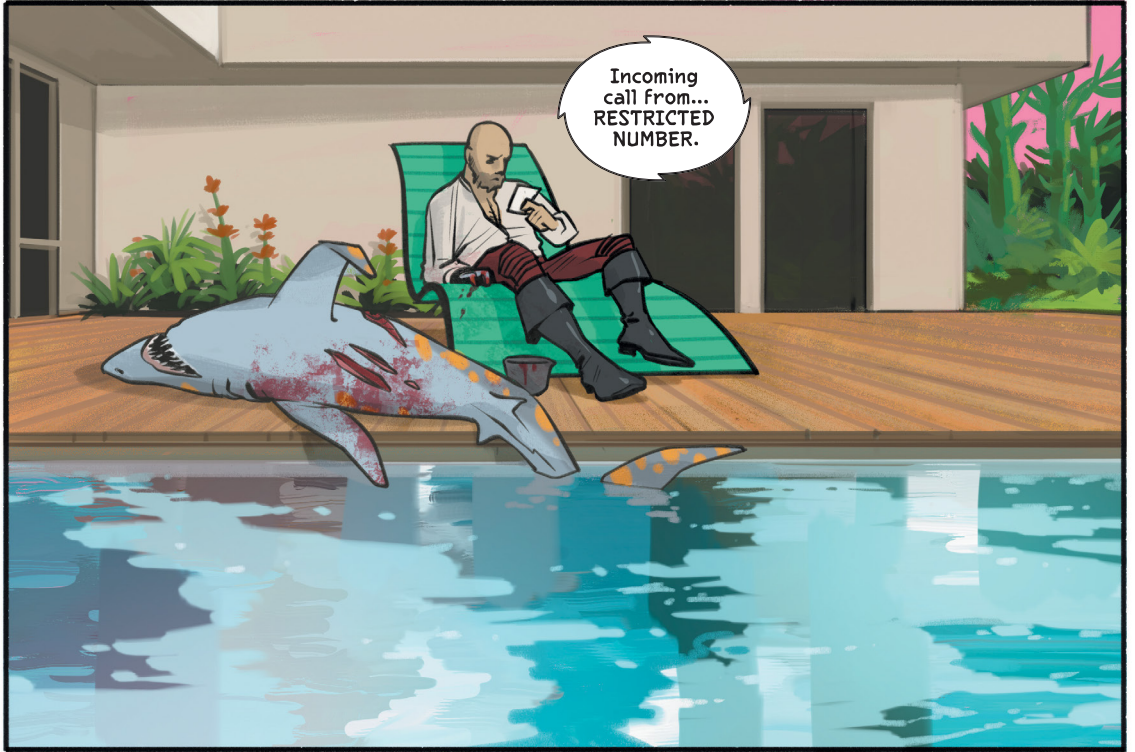


Definitely.

It had been years since we lost my father, and Mom had yet to so much as shake hands with anyone new.



Despite what you may have heard, there are some wounds for which time does jack shit.





Few years back, I fixed you up with that scary new right hook of yours.

While I was at it, you showed me a pic of a woman you were looking for, said you were offering cash for any info on her whereabouts?



Well, I think I might have something. She's older, and no wings that I can see, but I'm ninety percent sure it's her, working the same circus boat I joined last--

Don't care.



Excuse me?

I'm done with all that.

My partner and I, we lost our...



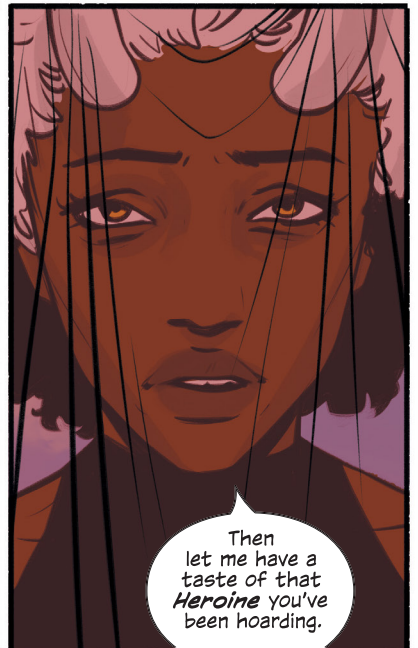
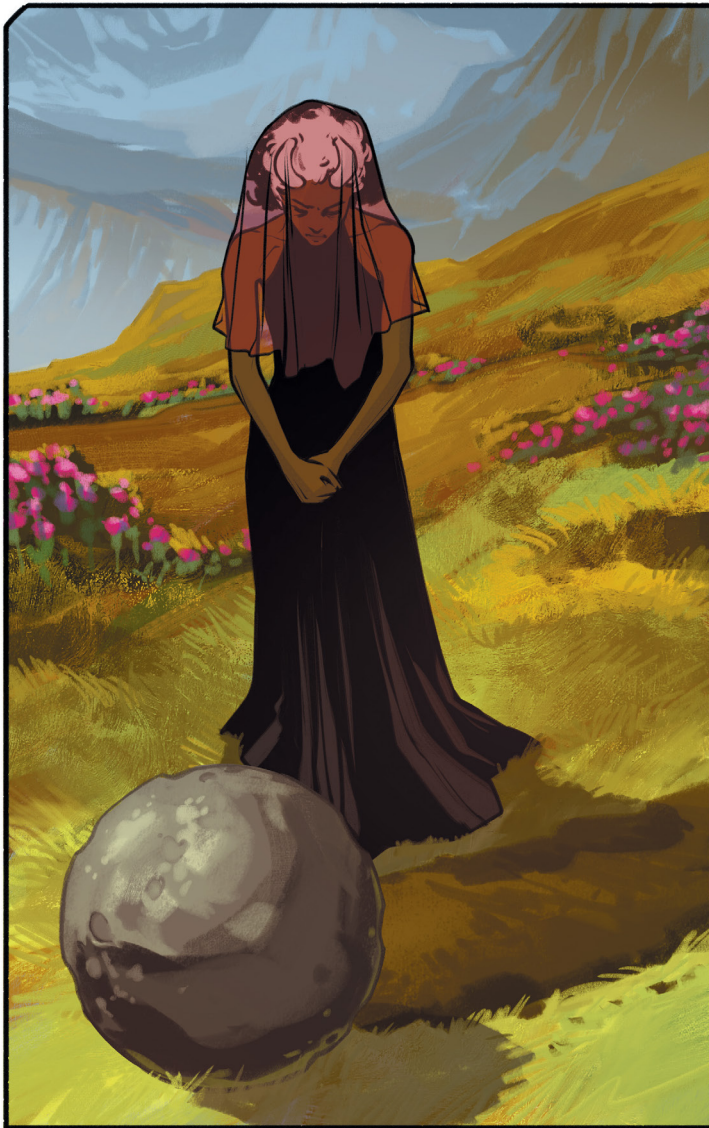
...our little girl.



Fuck. Man. I'm... I'm real sorry to hear that.

But I, uh, do have to ask, if this lady still has a bounty on her head, and you're out of the Freelancer racket, do you think I could maybe take a stab at--

End call.





I'm sorry as hell, but we both know that stuff won't bring Sophie back.

But it can help us *see* her again, can't it?
Will, can you see her *right now*...?



Goddammit, Billy.

Again with this crap?

How many more of us do you have to drag down with you?

Please...



...please just let me see her one more time.

People always talk about turning to a "crutch" after tragedy, but crutches are for broken bones.



Hearts require something stronger.

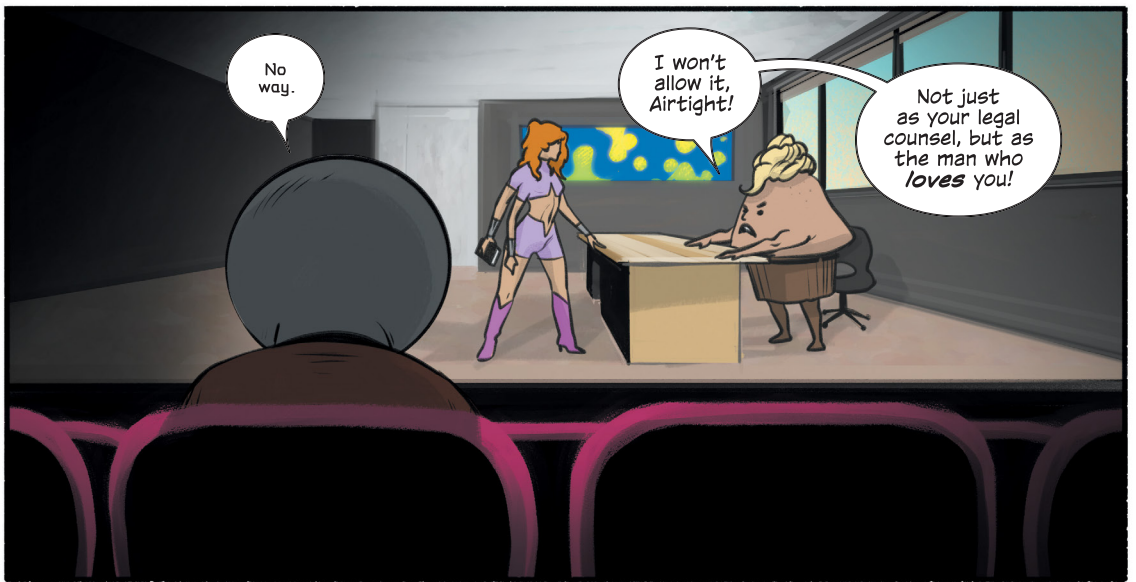
I've made up my mind.



The Constables are on their way.

I'm turning myself in.

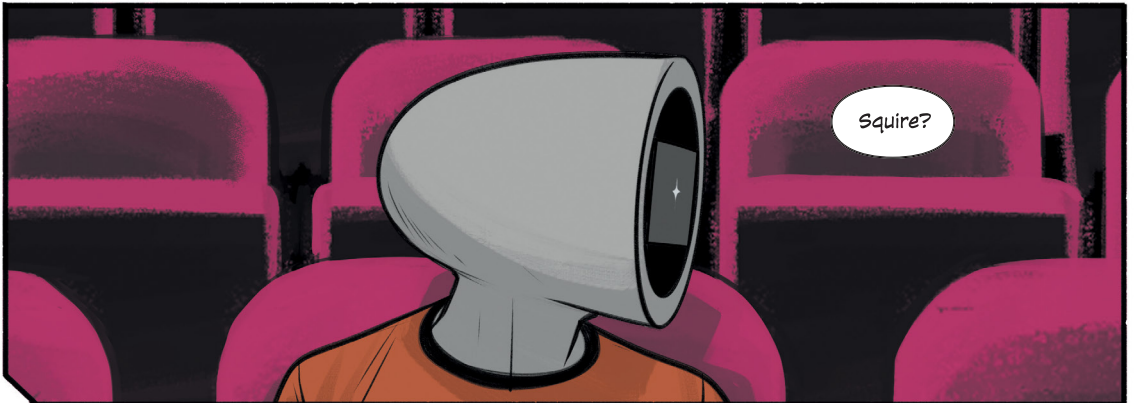
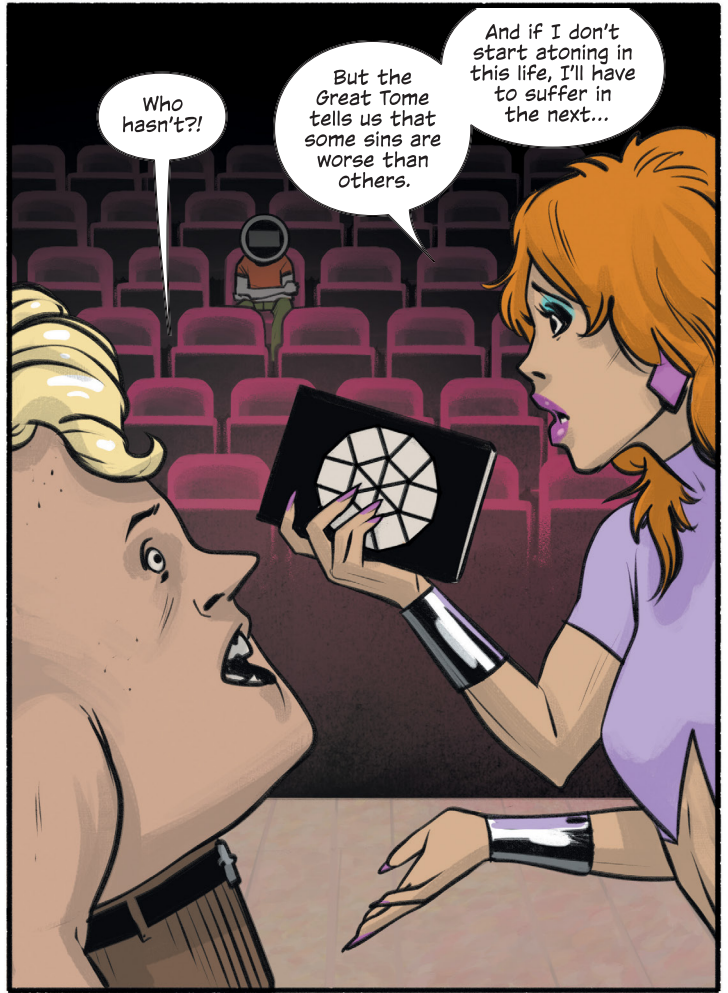
What?!



No way.

I won't allow it, Airtight!

Not just as your legal counsel, but as the man who *loves* you!

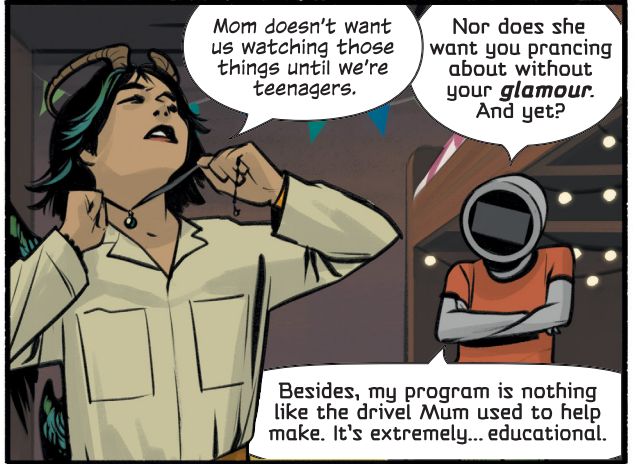




Where the heck did you get an Open Circuit helmet?



From that centaur in rigging.
Please don't tell on me.



Mom doesn't want us watching those things until we're teenagers.
Nor does she want you prancing about without your *glamour*. And yet?

Besides, my program is nothing like the drivel Mum used to help make. It's extremely... educational.



Sounds boringer than the new trapeze act.

Hey, that's *my* ration!



And? You gonna tell on me?



Whatever makes you happy, Hazel.



Aw, relax, brobot, I was gonna sneak some more for you at breakfast.

Why are you always so bent out of shape?

I'm not.



I'm perfectly fine.

LYING



You say so, emo boy.

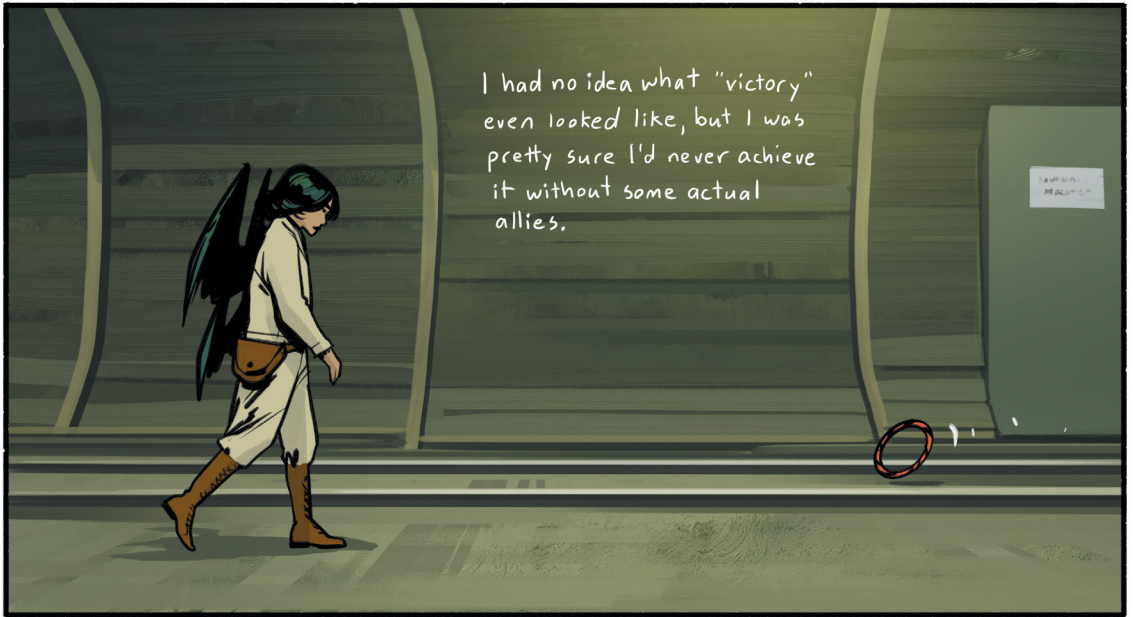
Have fun moping in here for the rest of your life.



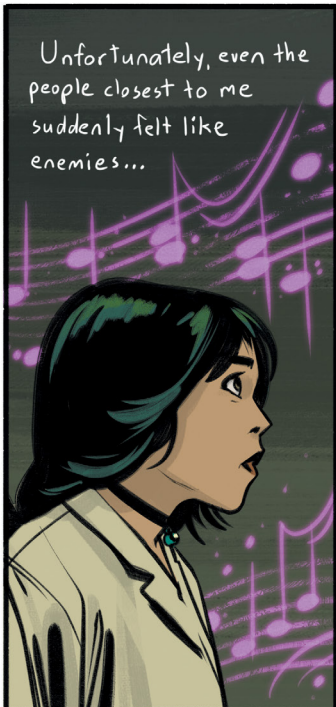
In hindsight, I'm horrified I wasn't more sensitive to the private battles the rest of my family were fighting.



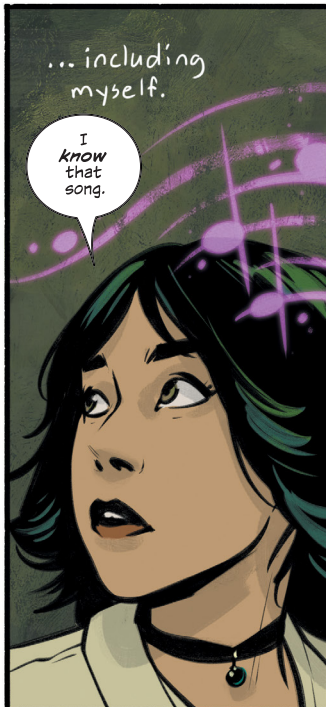
Guess I was too busy waging my own little war.



I had no idea what "victory" even looked like, but I was pretty sure I'd never achieve it without some actual allies.

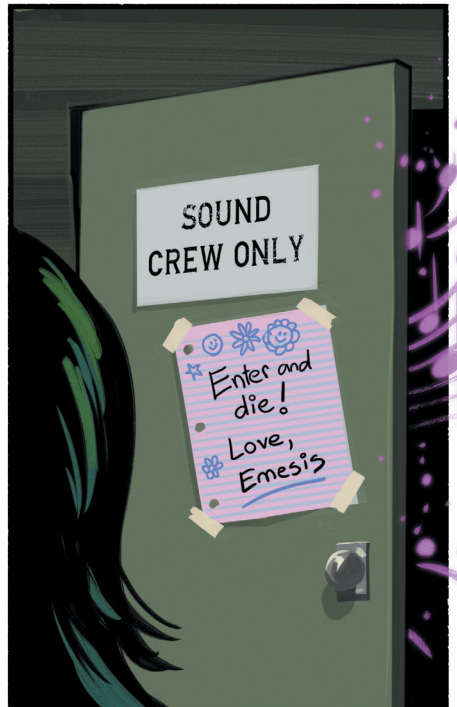


Unfortunately, even the people closest to me suddenly felt like enemies...



...including myself.

I know that song.



SOUND CREW ONLY

Enter and die!
Love,
Emesis



Twelve was my loneliest year,
though I can't say it was the hardest.



Don't get me wrong,
I experienced my
usual share of
betrayal and loss.



But there were
also unexpected
joys.



Hands
off,
flygirl.



And though I
couldn't see
it at the time,
looking back
now...



Damn.
Your haircut is *tragic*.

... I know it's when I found my best friend for life.

end chapter sixty-seven



CHAPTER

SIXTY-EIGHT



See a HORN
You Must
WARN

PRINCIPAL

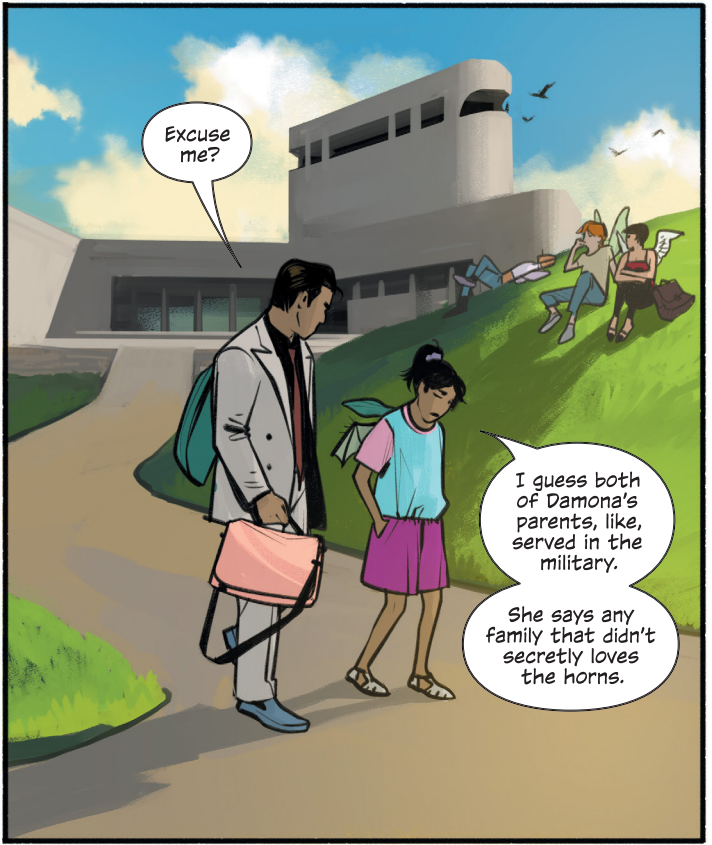
Gosh
darn it,
Alana.





No, she was sticking up for me.

Jenn didn't throw a punch until this girl Damona said I suck moony dick.



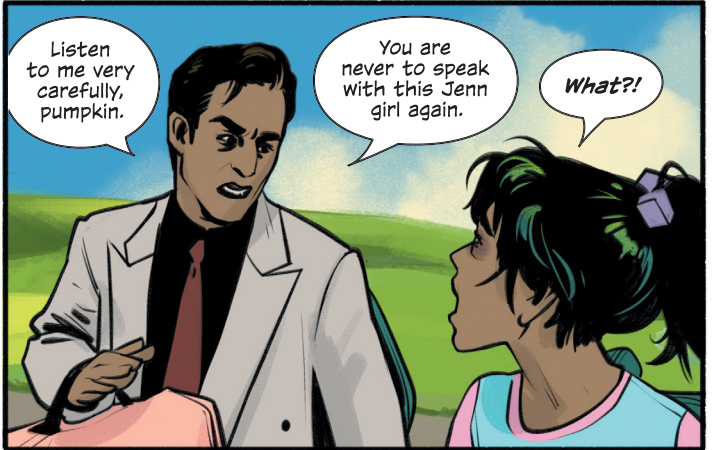
Excuse me?

I guess both of Damona's parents, like, served in the military.
She says any family that didn't secretly loves the horns.



Our taxes did *plenty* to support the war, thank you very much.

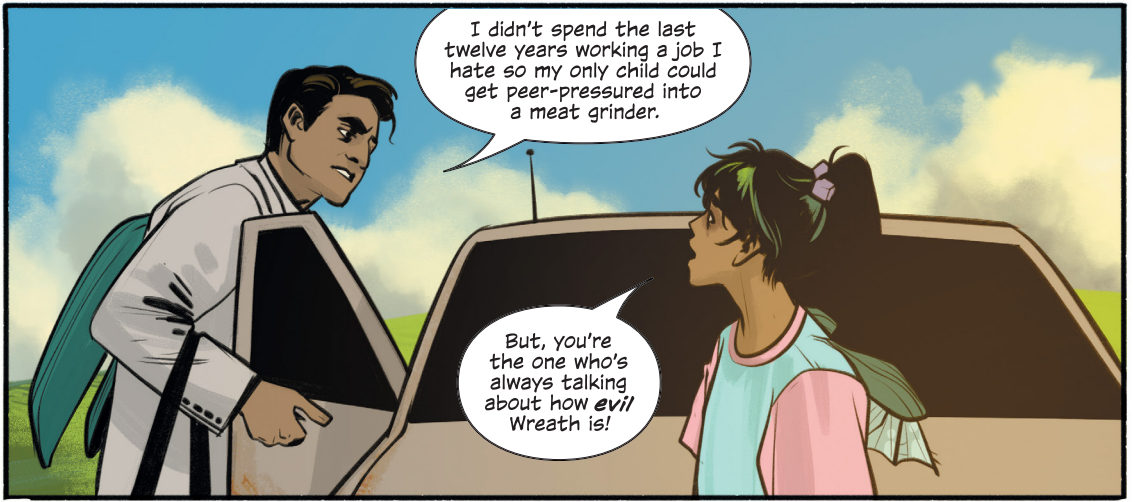
Jenn said that stuff didn't even matter, since me and her are both gonna be soldiers when *we* grow up.



Listen to me very carefully, pumpkin.

You are never to speak with this Jenn girl again.

What?!



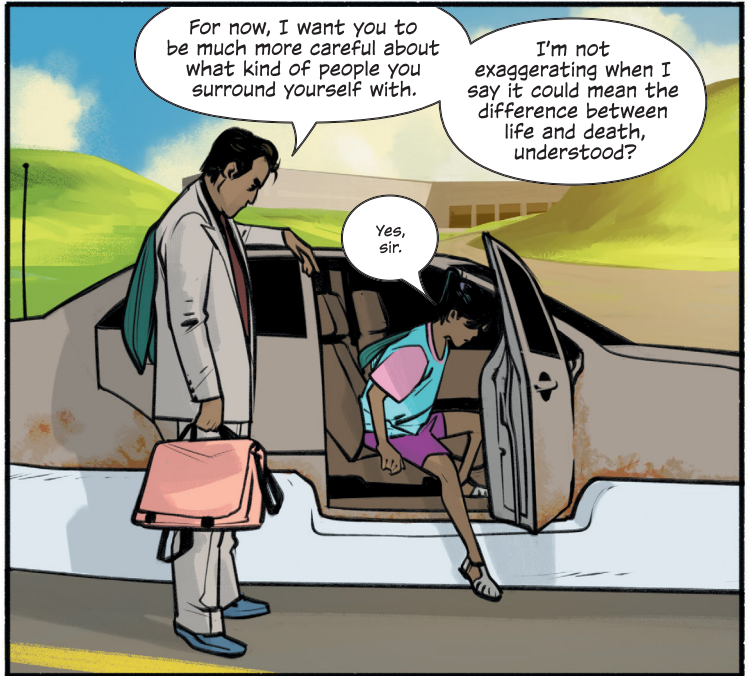
I didn't spend the last twelve years working a job I hate so my only child could get peer-pressured into a meat grinder.

But, you're the one who's always talking about how *evil* Wreath is!



Obviously.

And I hope those demons will have been wiped out long before you're old enough to do something as stupid as *enlist*.



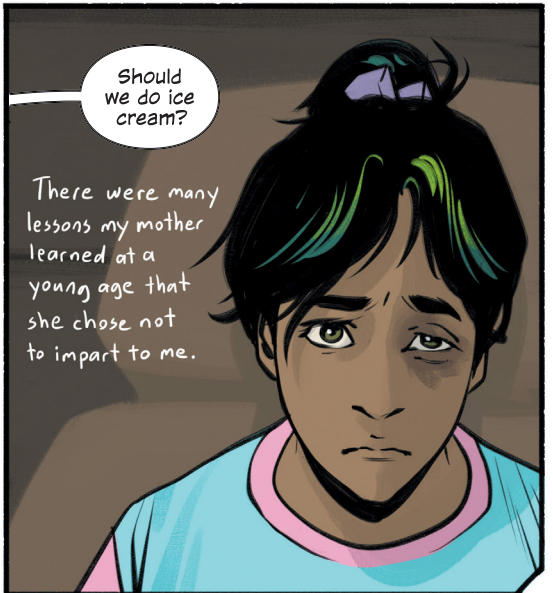
For now, I want you to be much more careful about what kind of people you surround yourself with.

I'm not exaggerating when I say it could mean the difference between life and death, understood?

Yes, sir.



Good.
I love you very much, you know.



Should we do ice cream?

There were many lessons my mother learned at a young age that she chose not to impart to me.



Mom didn't give a shit what kind of crowd my brother and I ran with.



All she cared about was that we never felt alone.

Can I have money?



Just for one game?

Of course not. All of these games are rigged.



How dare you, Chief. Only the fickle hands of chance temper our fine entertainments.

Also, Emesis says she knows how to win at the candy wheel.

Who the hell is Emesis?



Rude.



We met at safety orientation.

Really?

Huh, are your guardians...?



Dead, thanks for asking.

I'm a woneywiddle orphan girl.

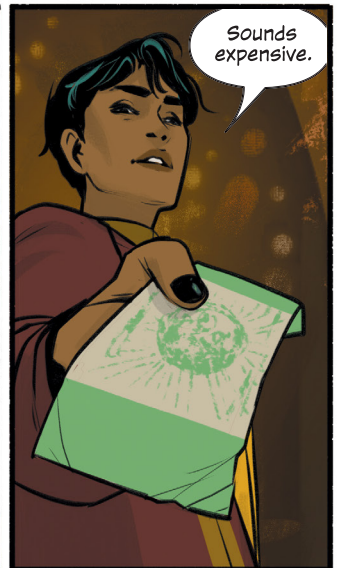
Em was my daughter's bunkmate at Windy Tooth.



That some kind of sleepaway camp?

Nah, it's a whole galactic experience.

But only for kids who are **super** sick in the head.



Sounds expensive.



Score.

You rule, New Mom!



Seriously, that place is worth the coin. Saved my girl's life.

I appreciate that, Whist.

Might be good for yours, especially if she's been through the wringer.



But it's my boy who really worries me.



Thought the little guy's been doing good since we moved him to concessions?

And Squire likes the work.

I'm just not sure he's had much luck finding his people.



Well, we got two other robos down in engineering... but they're a couple of cranky old assholes.

That's not exactly what I--

What do you mean cut off?



I paid for the platinum packassh!

Sorry to interrupt.

I was hoping this valued guest could book some time in our "spa."



Drunk tank's full.

Bachelorette party from the Clockwork System.

No need to abandon your post, Feld.



I can help this handsome gentleman find somewhere to collect himself.

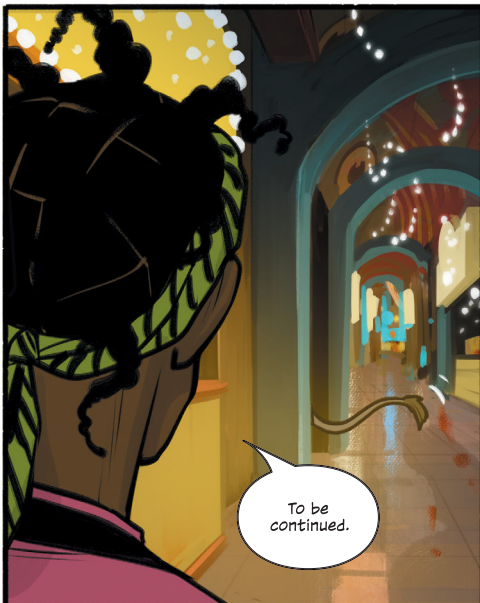
Sure you don't mind?

Nah, happy to escape all the PTSD-inducing balloon pops down here.



Okay then.

But when you get a second, we *have* to talk about that ending.





No matter how much time
or space had passed between
them.



No matter what
mistakes might
have been made.

Saluton,
plej sekso.



You speak my tongue quite poor.

And your Language is nothing to write home about.

But I like the way you move.



I'm Ritzzy.

Petrichor.

We don't get many of your kind out here.



Wreathers?

No, pretty girl.

I don't mean Wreathers.



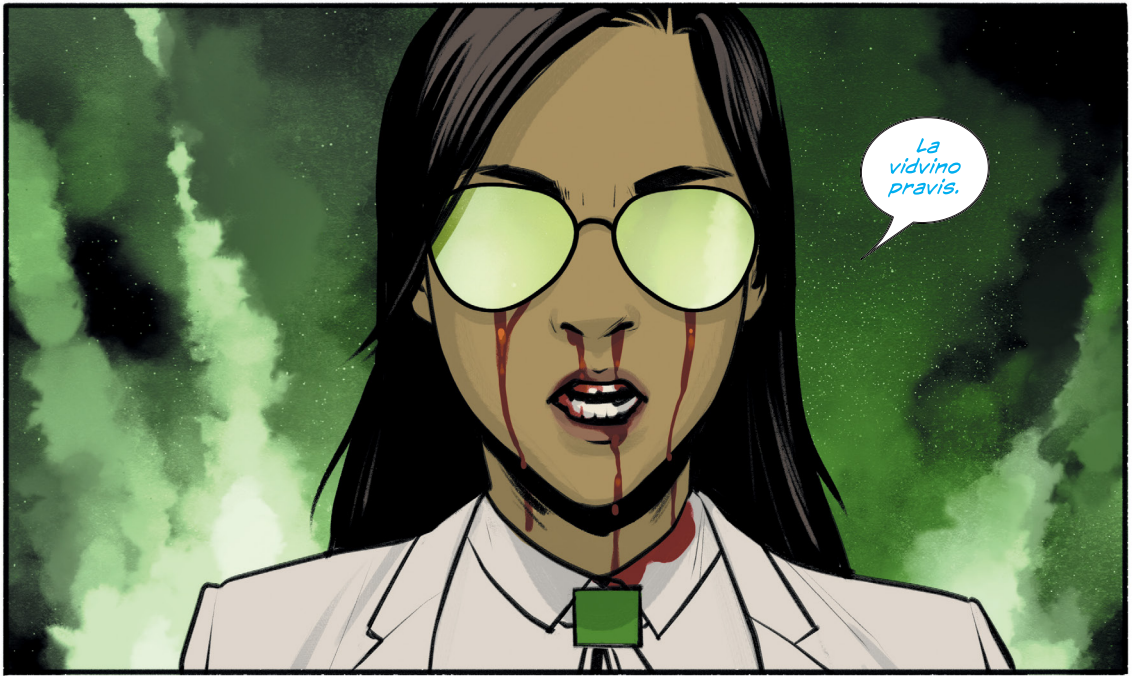
You are lovely... but not my type.

We'll see.

You like to party, Petrichor?







La vidvimo pravis.



=hhh=



Mmm. Right there, just like that.



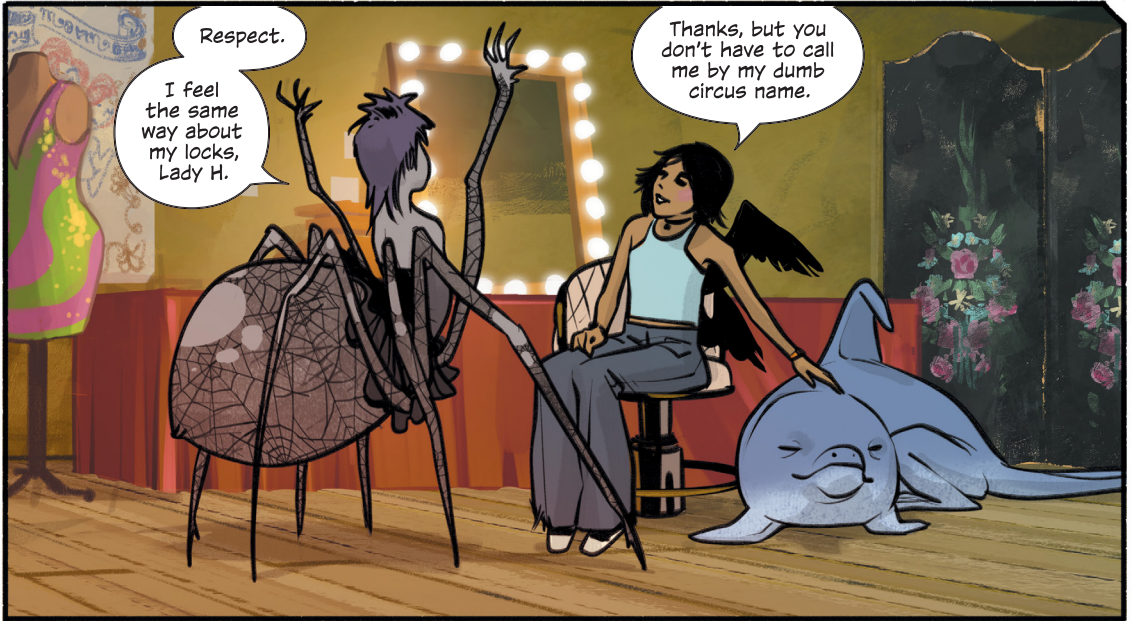
So fuckin' wet.





Sorry.

I just, you know, don't like it when people touch my... hair.



Respect.

I feel the same way about my locks, Lady H.

Thanks, but you don't have to call me by my dumb circus name.



It's Hazel.

Despite everything my family and I had been through, I was a very trusting kid.



Still unclear if that was a weakness or my superpower.

Haaaaaaazel, eh?

Any other dark secrets I should know about?



You're not a dirty flesh-eater, are you?



Ummm, what?

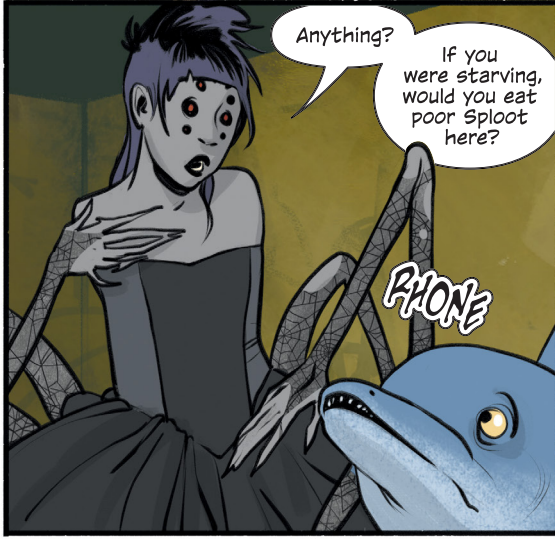
We're all animals, so anyone who eats meat is basically a *cannibal*.

Please tell me you're at least vegetarian.



Oh.

I mean, my *dad* was, but no, I pretty much eat anything.



Anything?

If you were starving, would you eat poor Sploot here?

PHONE



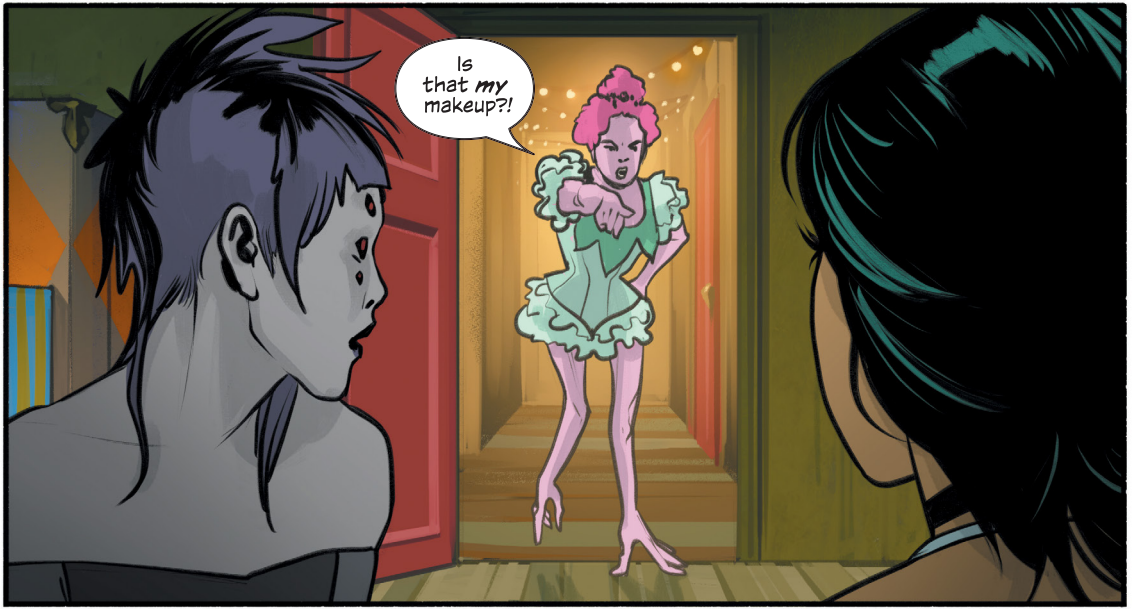
I don't know.

But if we ever stopped feeding him, he'd definitely eat *us*.



Man... that would be *such* a badass way to die.

HEY!



Is that my makeup?!



Craps.

BYEEEEEE!



You little savages!

If I get pinkeye again, I'll slit your throats!

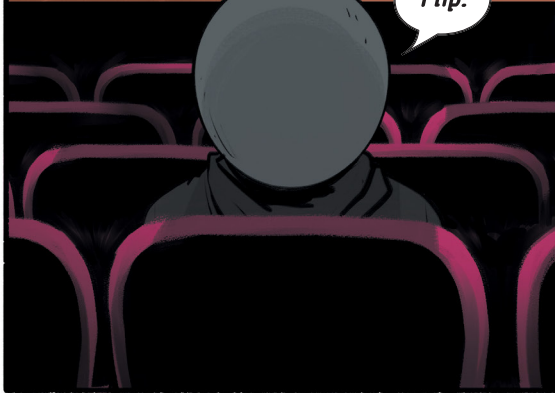
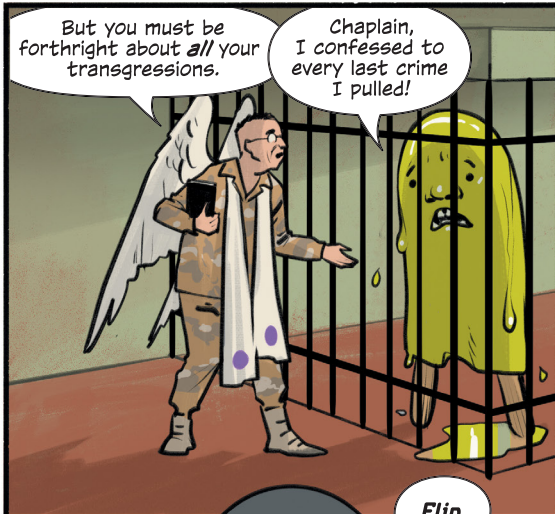
Like most of my closest companions, Emesis had a unique ability to hurt me.



She was equal parts cruel and kind, infuriating and enthralling.



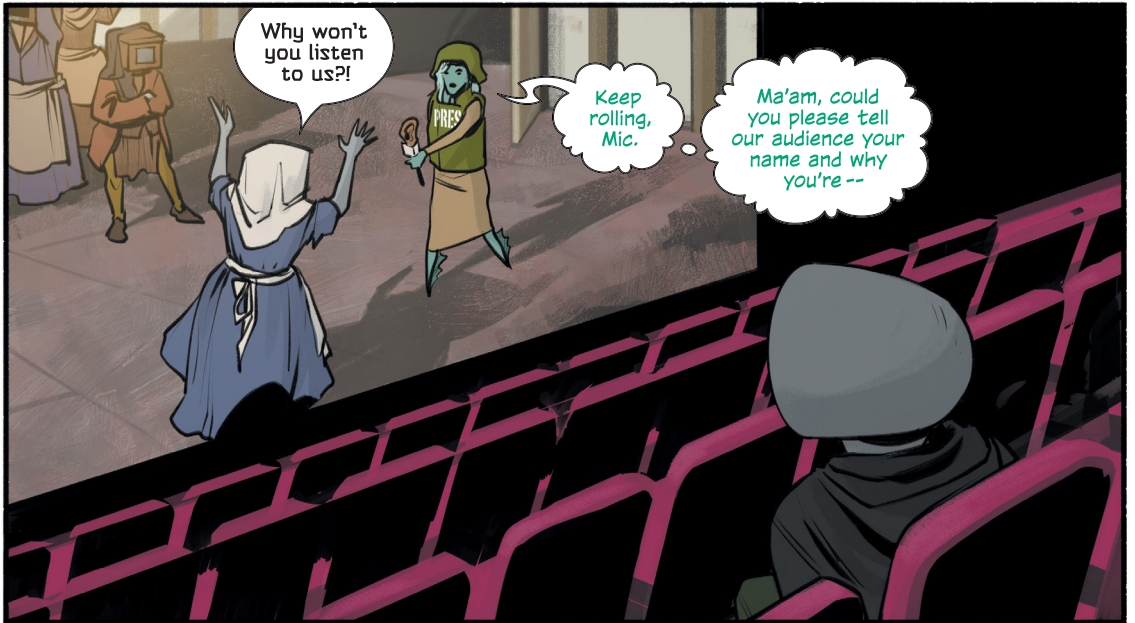
Flip.





In the last few hours, a rally by commoners protesting what they describe as squalid living conditions has threatened to erupt into a full-blown *revolution*.

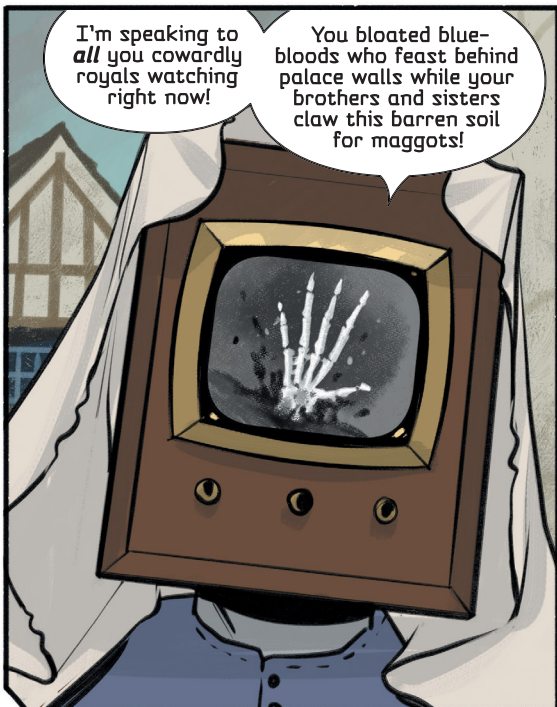
YOU!



Why won't you listen to us?!

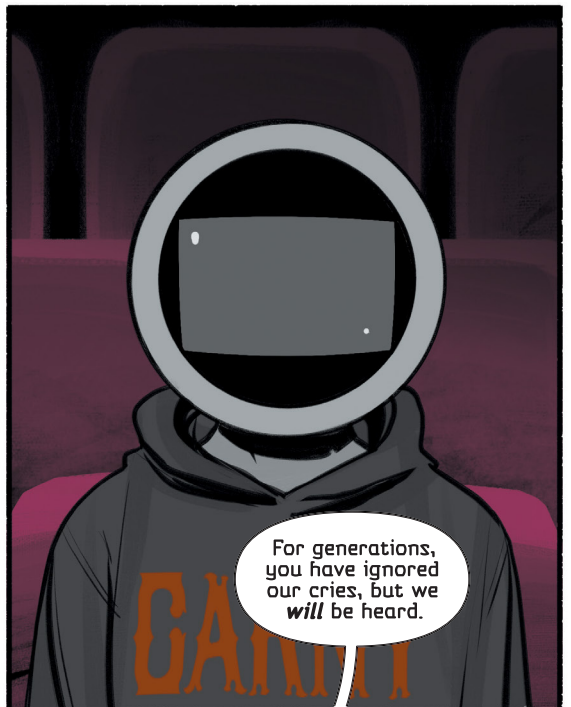
Keep rolling, Mic.

Ma'am, could you please tell our audience your name and why you're--

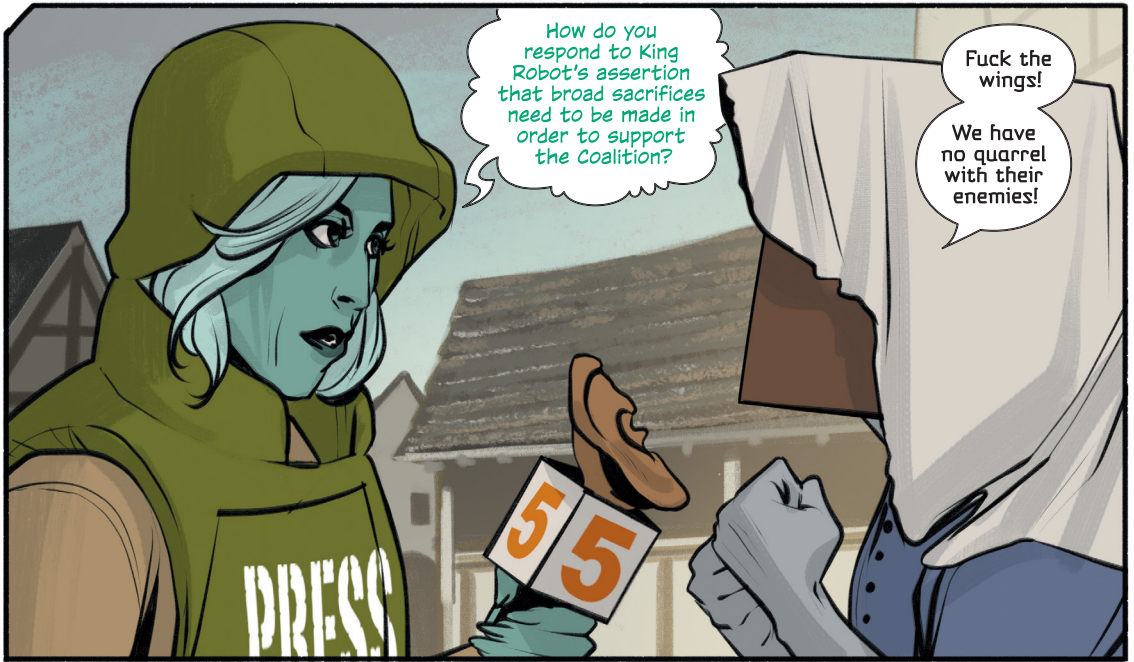


I'm speaking to *all* you cowardly royals watching right now!

You bloated blue-bloods who feast behind palace walls while your brothers and sisters claw this barren soil for maggots!

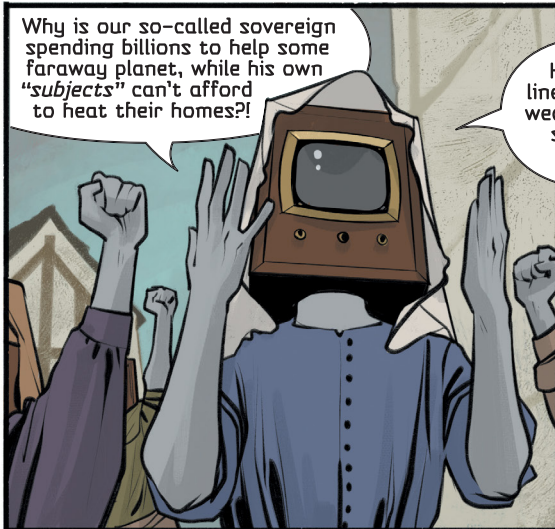


For generations, you have ignored our cries, but we *will* be heard.



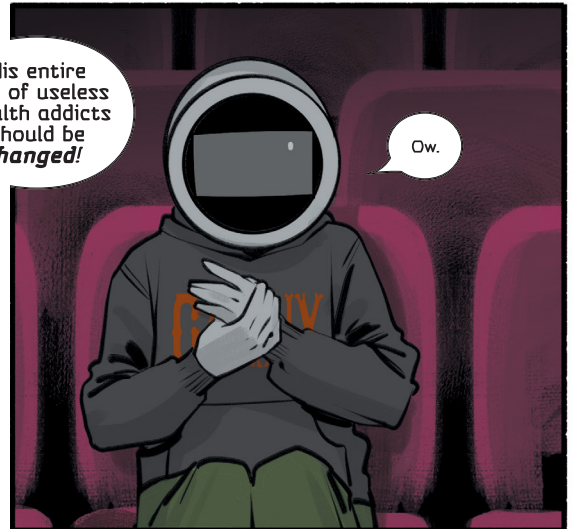
How do you respond to King Robot's assertion that broad sacrifices need to be made in order to support the Coalition?

Fuck the wings!
We have no quarrel with their enemies!



Why is our so-called sovereign spending billions to help some faraway planet, while his own "subjects" can't afford to heat their homes?!

His entire line of useless wealth addicts should be **hanged!**



Ow.



Even the nobles who've personally advocated for more support to your region?

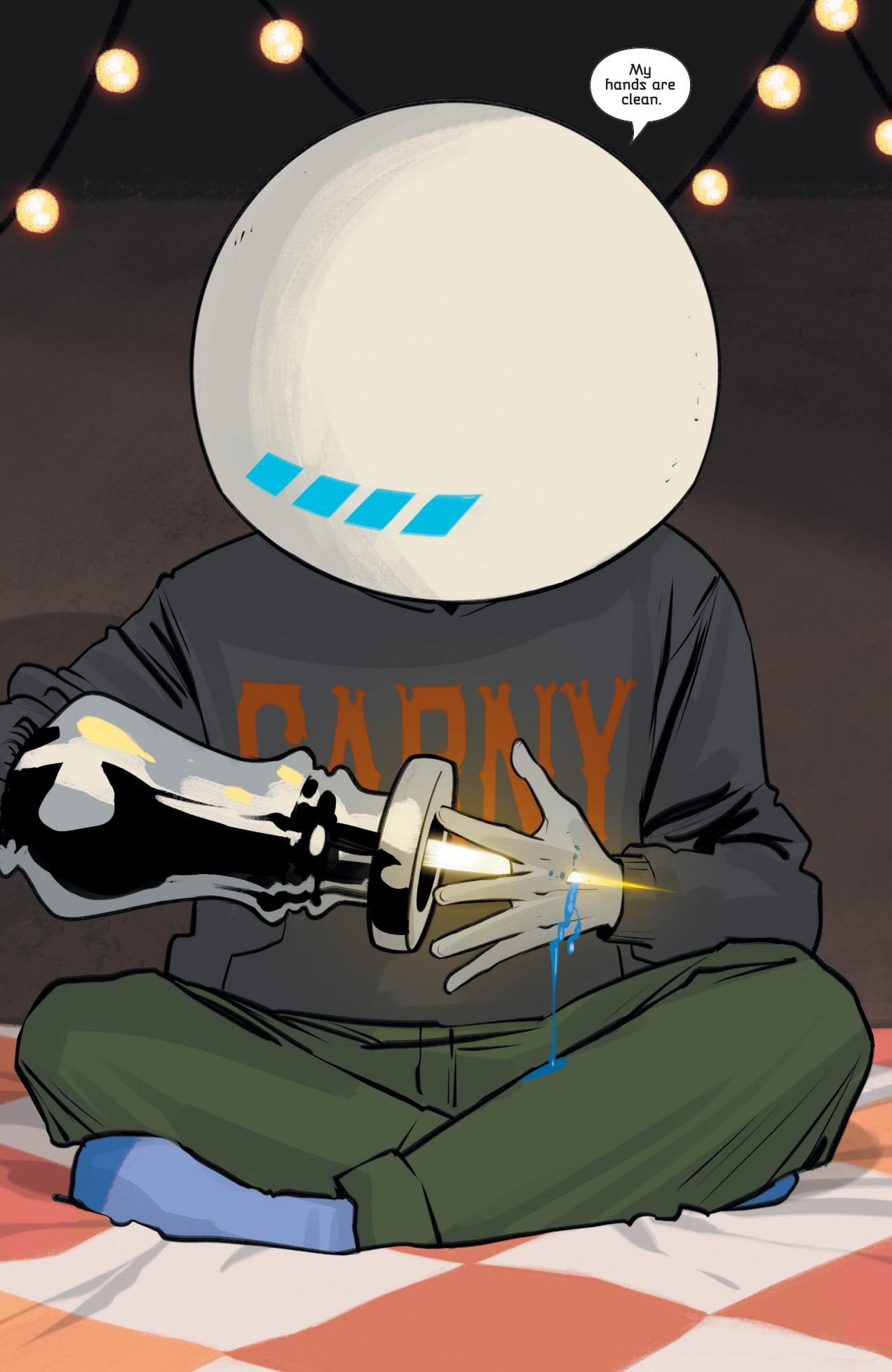
All their hands are stained with our children's blood!



No.

I... I didn't do anything.

My hands are clean.



end chapter sixty-eight



CHAPTER

SIXTY-NINE

Despite what you may have heard,
this is what friends are for.

I know
you're having
fun... but you
kind of suck
at this.





Don't be an asshole, Emesis.

I learned this song, like, yesterday.



Define "learned."

Yeah, well, not all of us are born with eight of these.



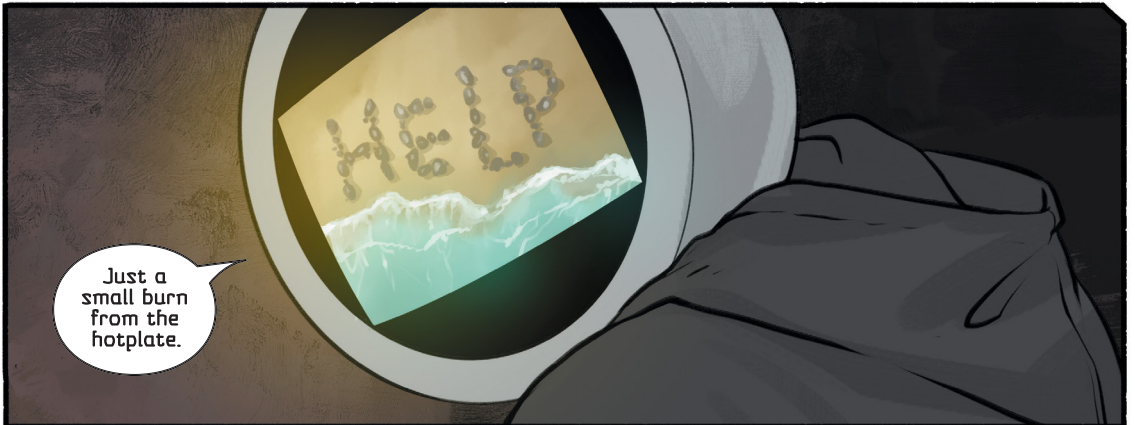
Listen, you play fine for your age --

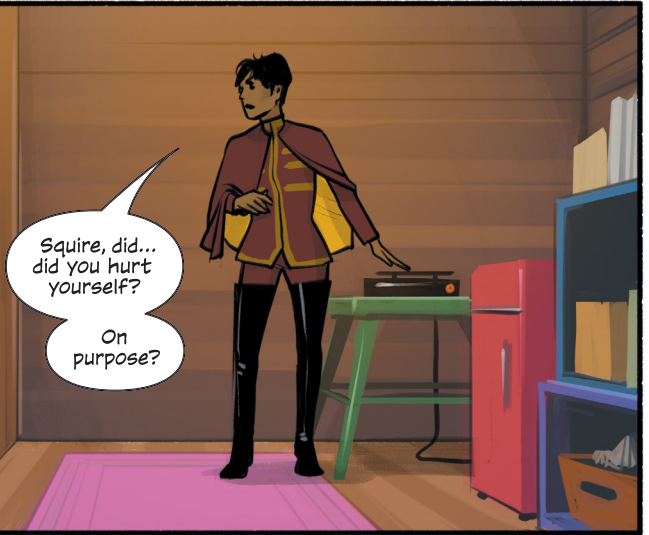
You're three months older than me!

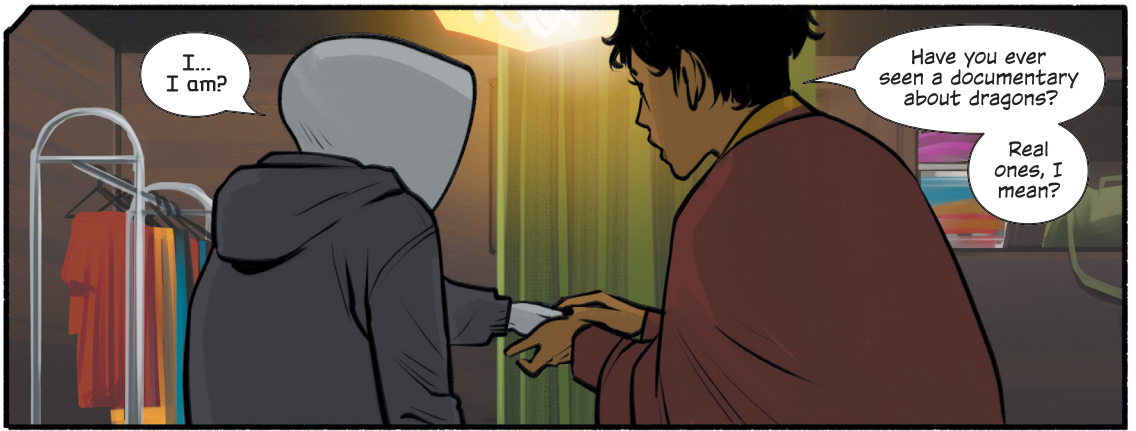
You play fine for your age, but the guitar is clearly not your instrument.

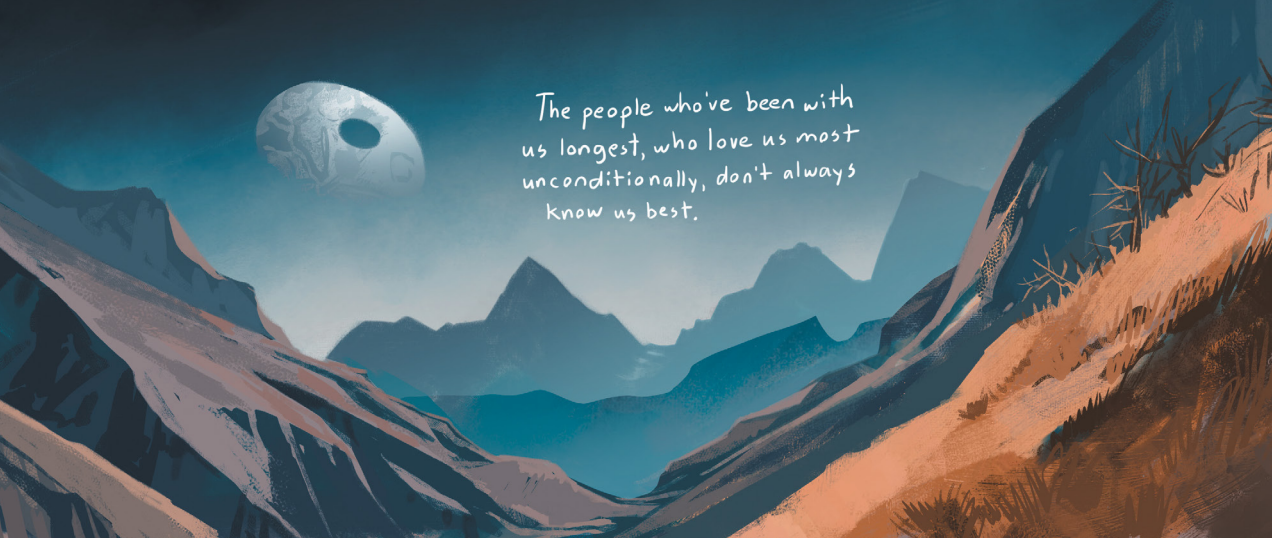


This is.

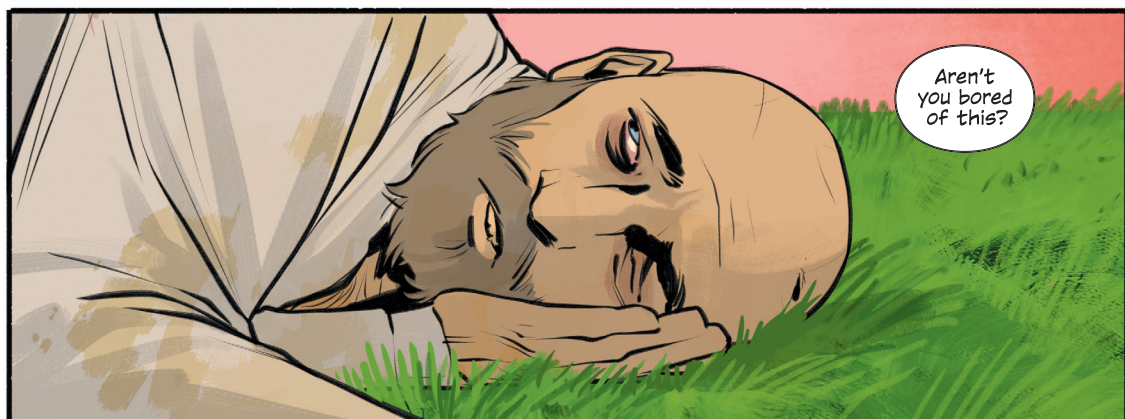




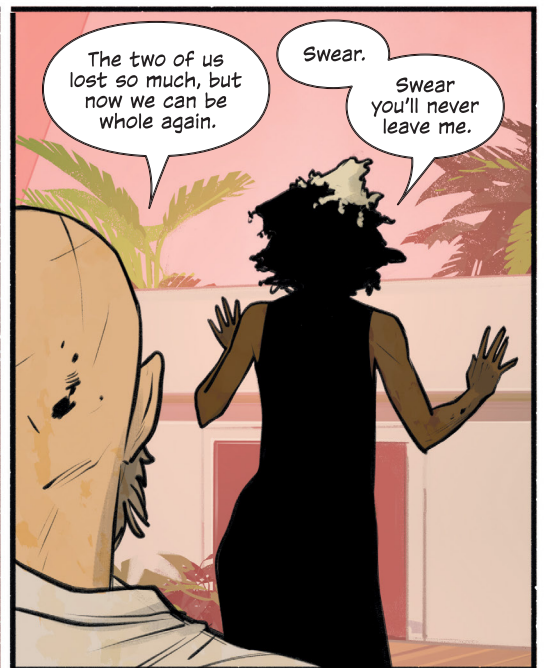




The people who've been with
us longest, who love us most
unconditionally, don't always
know us best.



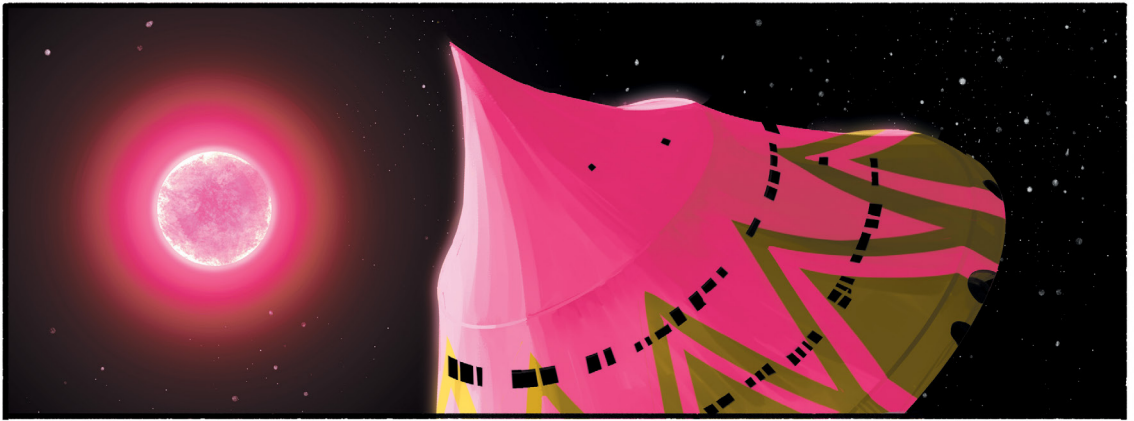






Oh,
baby.

Why would
I ever do an
awful thing
like that?



You're in good hands, squirt.

The doc here knows how to fix every kind of boy, bot, and beast of the field.

Huh, so they *all* have blue blood, not just their royals...

Introduction to
ROBOT BIOLOGY



Meanwhile, Junior wanted to rap with you about something.

A place that was a big help to her when she was feeling... discombobulated.

It's gonna sound lame, but the whole experience is actually pretty cool.



It's called Windy Tooth.



Don't even stress.



I've been where he's at and I've gone where he's going.

Trust me, Hazel, your bro will be all good.

And I was worried about Squire, but like all 12-year-olds, I was mostly worried about myself.



Around that time, my armpits had begun to sprout coarse hair, and I didn't know if my weird mash-up biology was to blame.



All I wanted to do was talk about this embarrassing and terrifying situation with the only person I could trust with such questions.



But she suddenly had scarier shit to sort out.



Hey, Chief.



Heard about your boy.

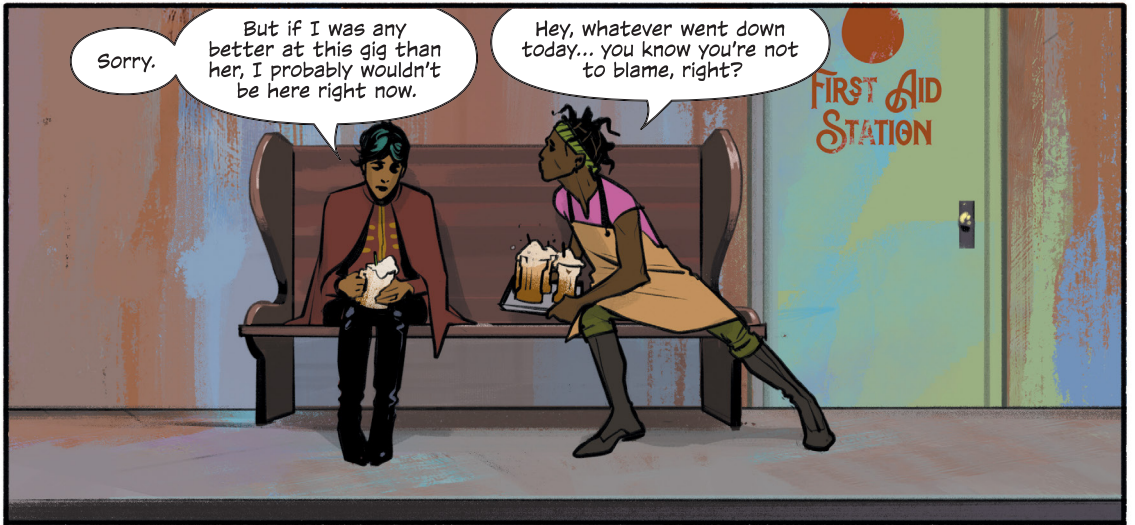
I didn't know what to do, so I made you guys some... well, my ma used to call 'em *buoyants*.



Yours is the green straw, poured you something extra.

Feld, your mother raised you right.

Also used to hit my sisters and me with the severed tentacle of a *brongel*, so don't give her too much credit.



Sorry. But if I was any better at this gig than her, I probably wouldn't be here right now.

Hey, whatever went down today... you know you're not to blame, right?



I'm more concerned about what happens next.

The boss is suggesting I send Squire away to some kind of psychologically intense, months-long "retreat."

If it's the same place Whist trusted with his own kin, it's got to be safe as houses, yeah?



And I know the poor kid would really benefit from more time with actual professionals.

But still, I don't want him to go.

Why not?



After my husband died, I was... a lot of things, but mostly, I was *furious*.

Raising a child is hard enough for two people, and just when it got hardest, I suddenly had to do it *alone*?



Then, before I even had time to process being a single parent, I get handed *double* the responsibility?

I was sure that would break me.





I'm so sorry.
Family.



Hey, can I call you right back?
Not a great time.
Fuck your great time! What the fuck did I pay you an advance for?



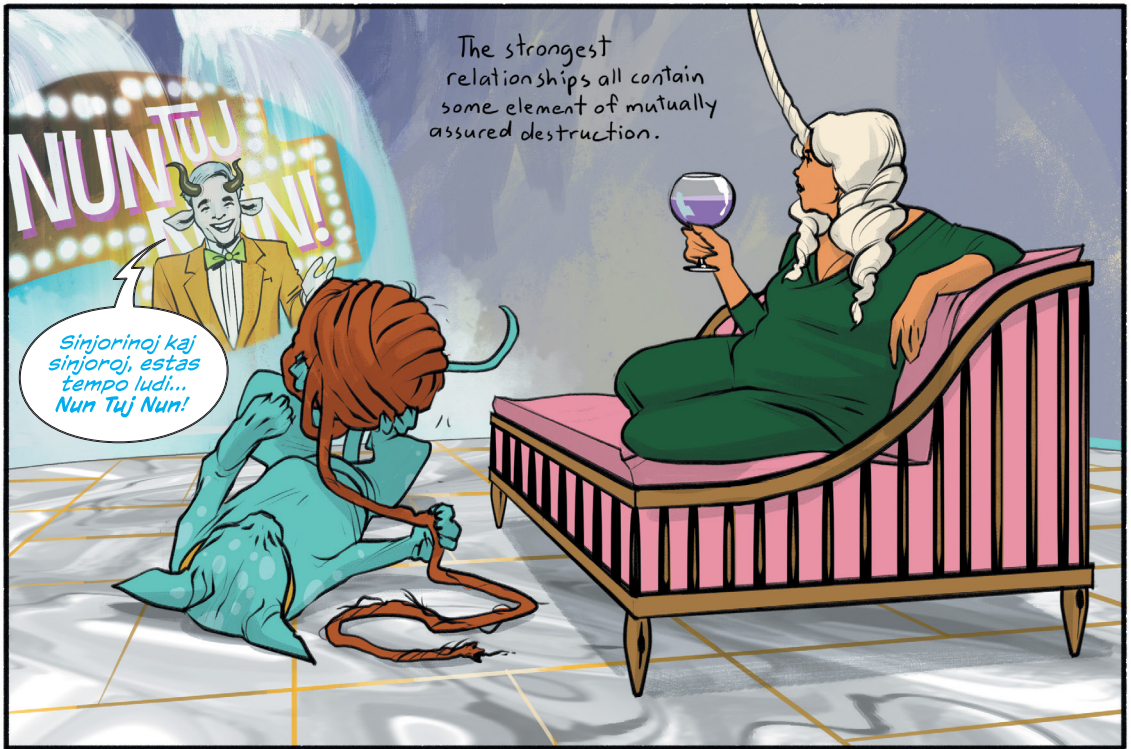
Cool, glad to hear it.
Goddammit, she's right there, isn't she? Just tell me yes or no: this lady you found... is it really her?

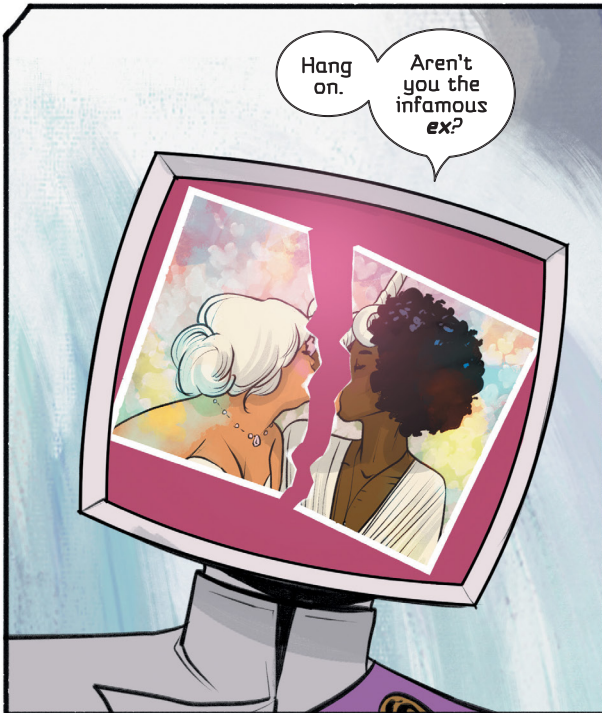


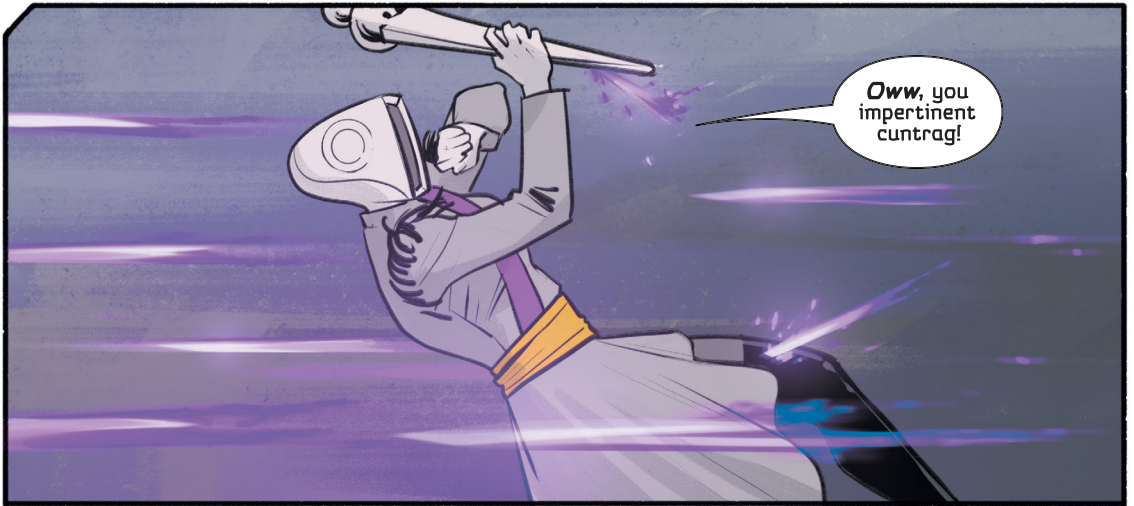
Hello?!
Don't you hang up on me, you prick!

It's hard to get close to someone without also entrusting them with everything they'd need to completely ruin your life.

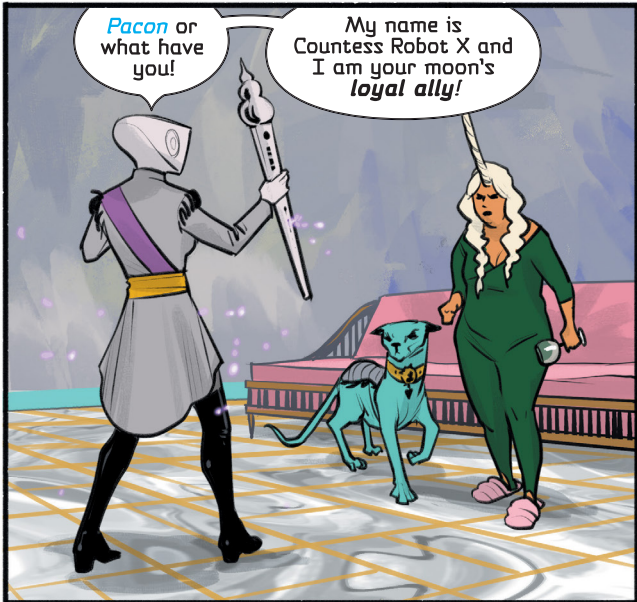
Ideally, this gift is reciprocated
with one of equal or greater value.







Oww, you impertinent cuntrag!



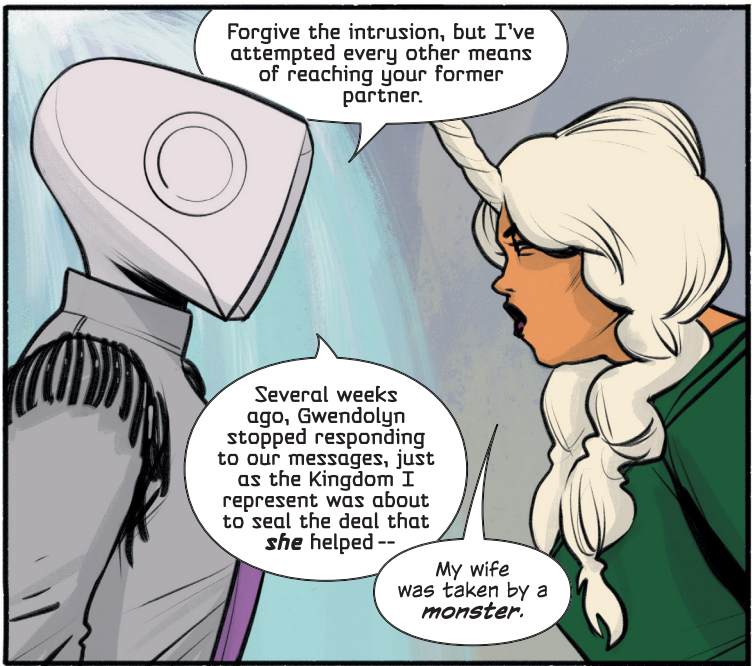
Pacon or what have you!

My name is Countess Robot X and I am your moon's *loyal ally!*



Isn't that right, beast?

RSSSS!



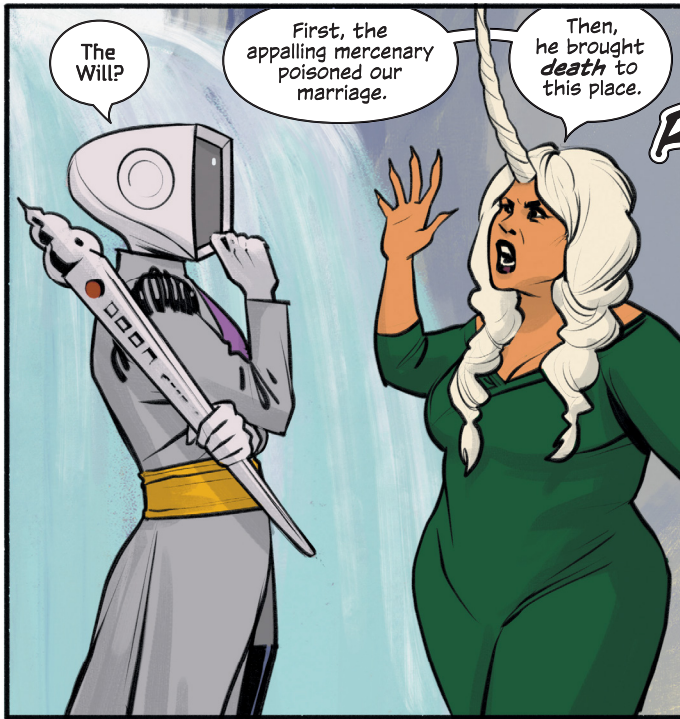
Forgive the intrusion, but I've attempted every other means of reaching your former partner.

Several weeks ago, Gwendolyn stopped responding to our messages, just as the Kingdom I represent was about to seal the deal that *she* helped--

My wife was taken by a *monster*.



La Volo.



The Will?

First, the appalling mercenary poisoned our marriage.

Then, he brought *death* to this place.



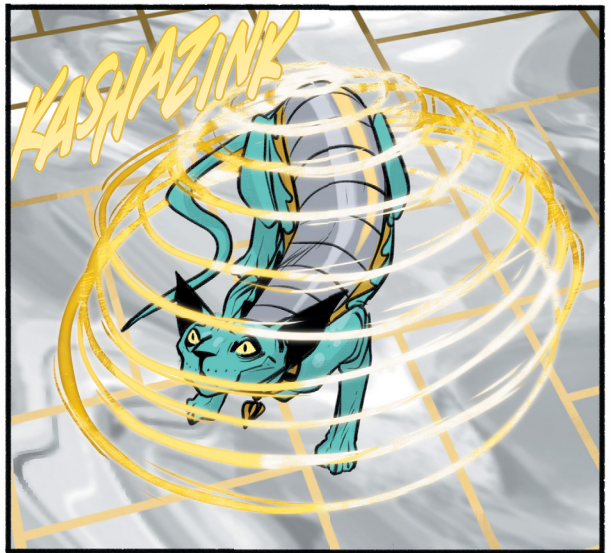
RARRRN

Pardonu, Kušanta Kato.

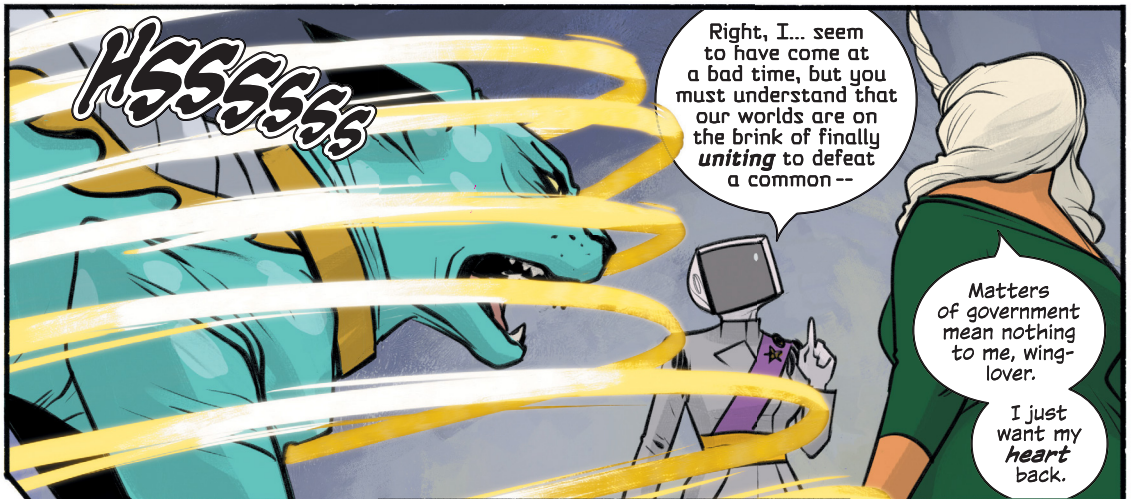
You're a loyal companion.



Sometimes, *too* loyal.



KASHAZINK

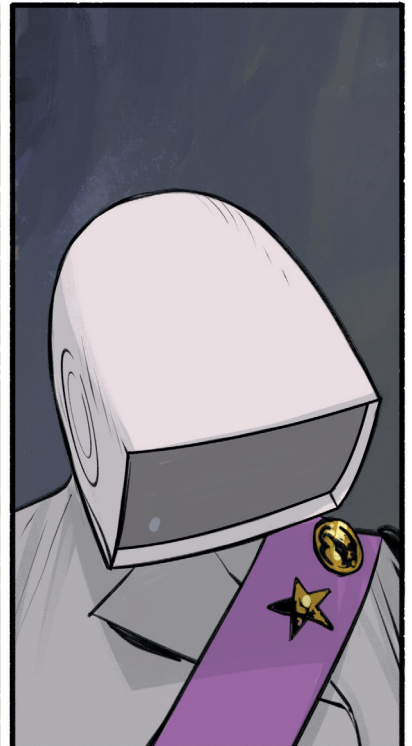
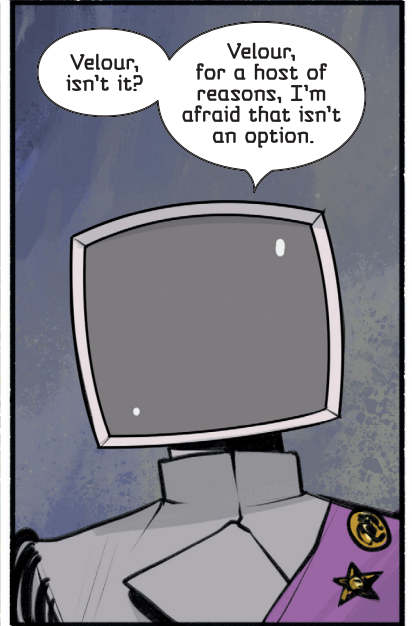


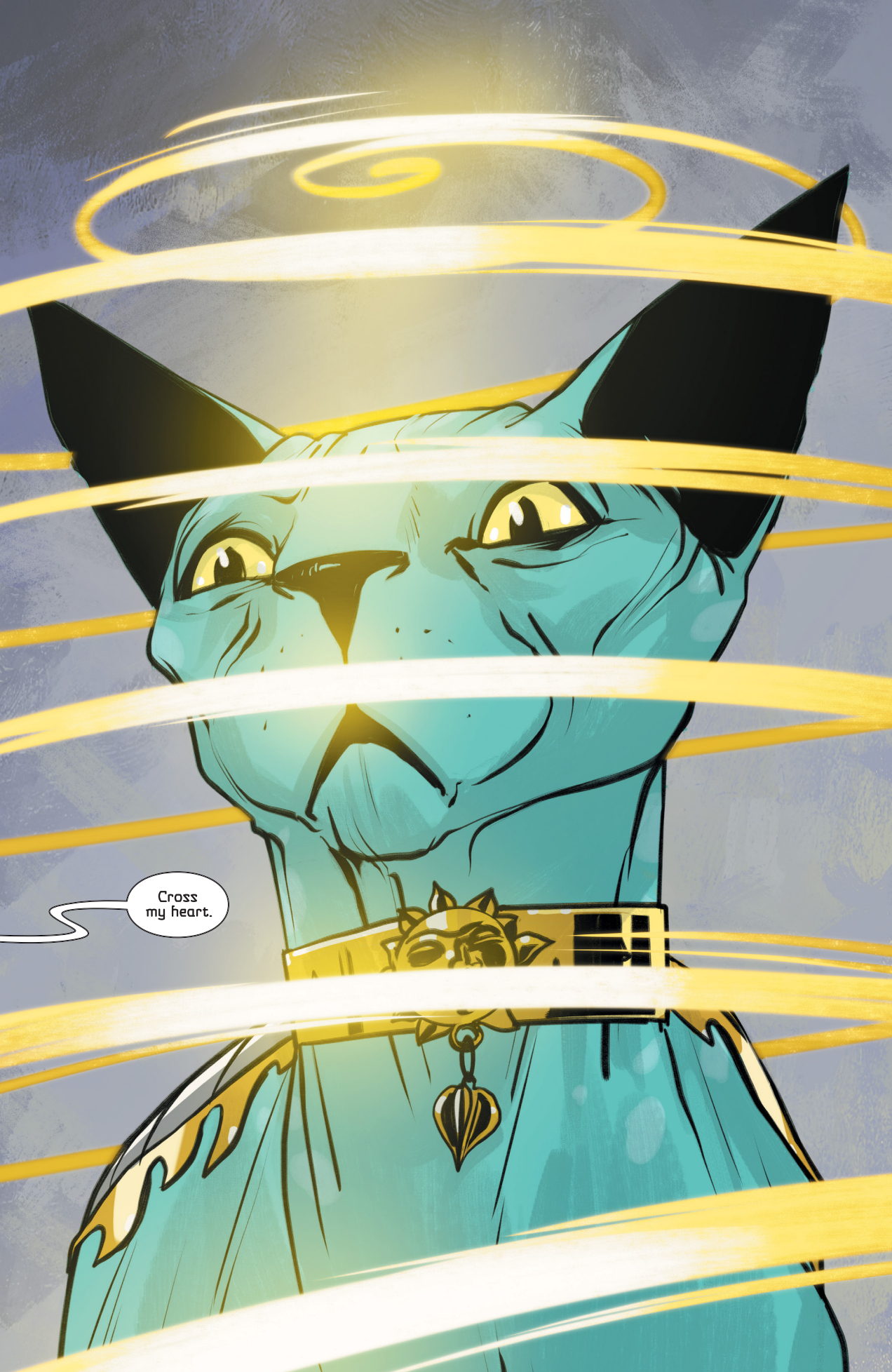
HSSSSSS

Right, I... seem to have come at a bad time, but you must understand that our worlds are on the brink of finally *uniting* to defeat a common--

Matters of government mean nothing to me, wing-lover.

I just want my *heart* back.





Cross
my heart.

end chapter sixty-nine



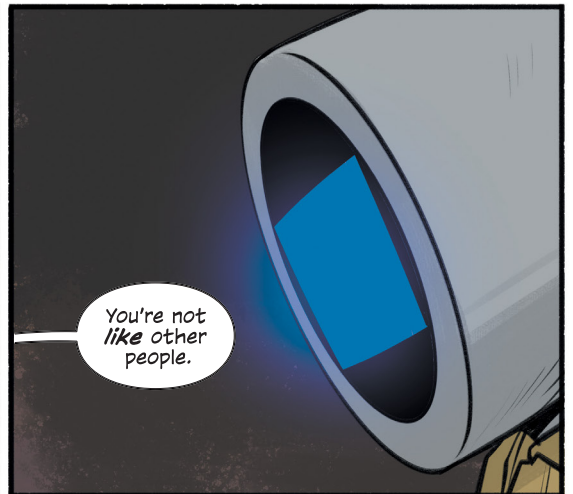
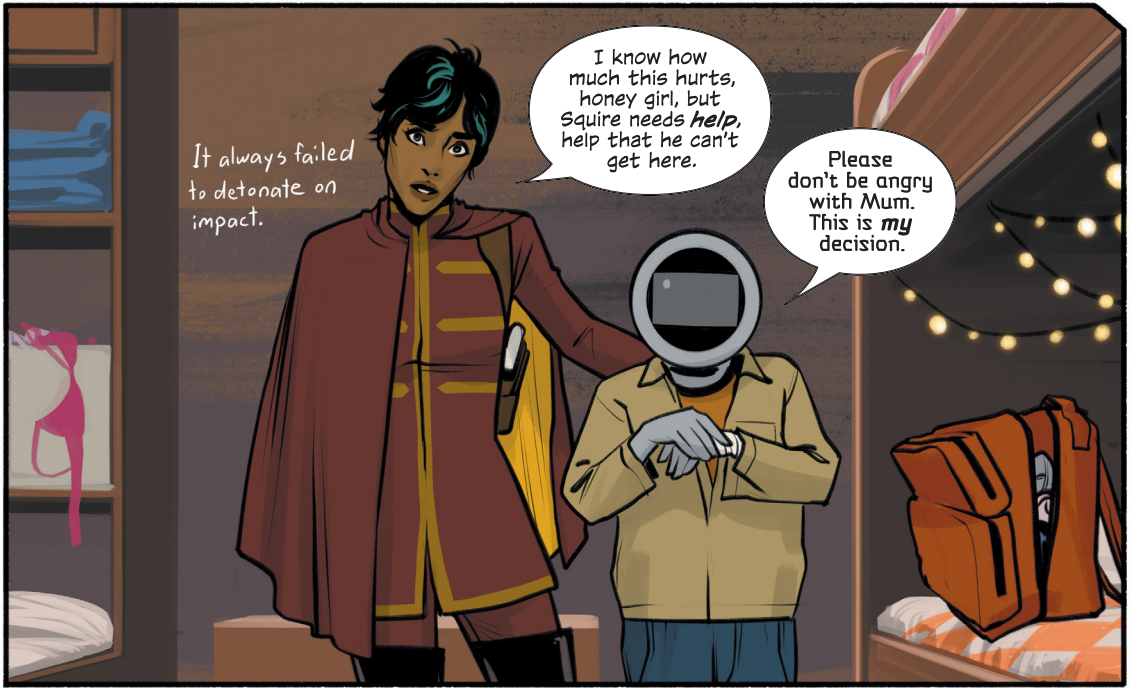
CHAPTER

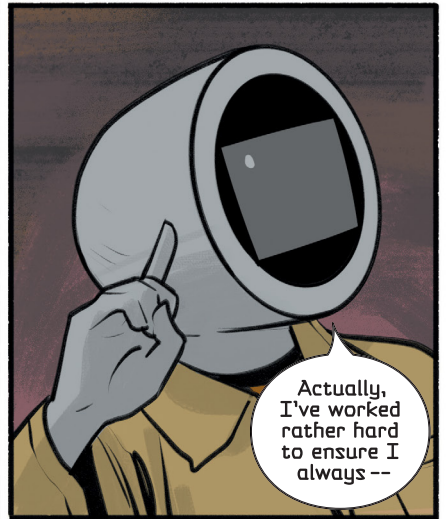
SEVENTY

Not the first time I dropped this bomb on
someone I love.

**I HATE
YOU!**









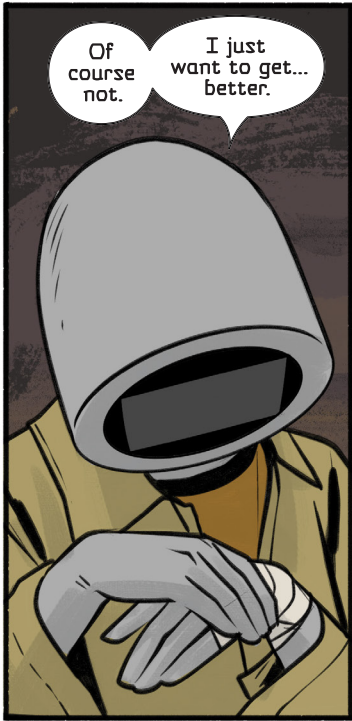
I love the concern, but your brother's been hiding his identity as long as we have.

He knows how to protect his secrets out there.

In no small part because of all *you've* taught me, Hazel.



So you *want* to get away from us?



Of course not.

I just want to get... better.



Besides, Windy Tooth is only for a few months.

Months?!

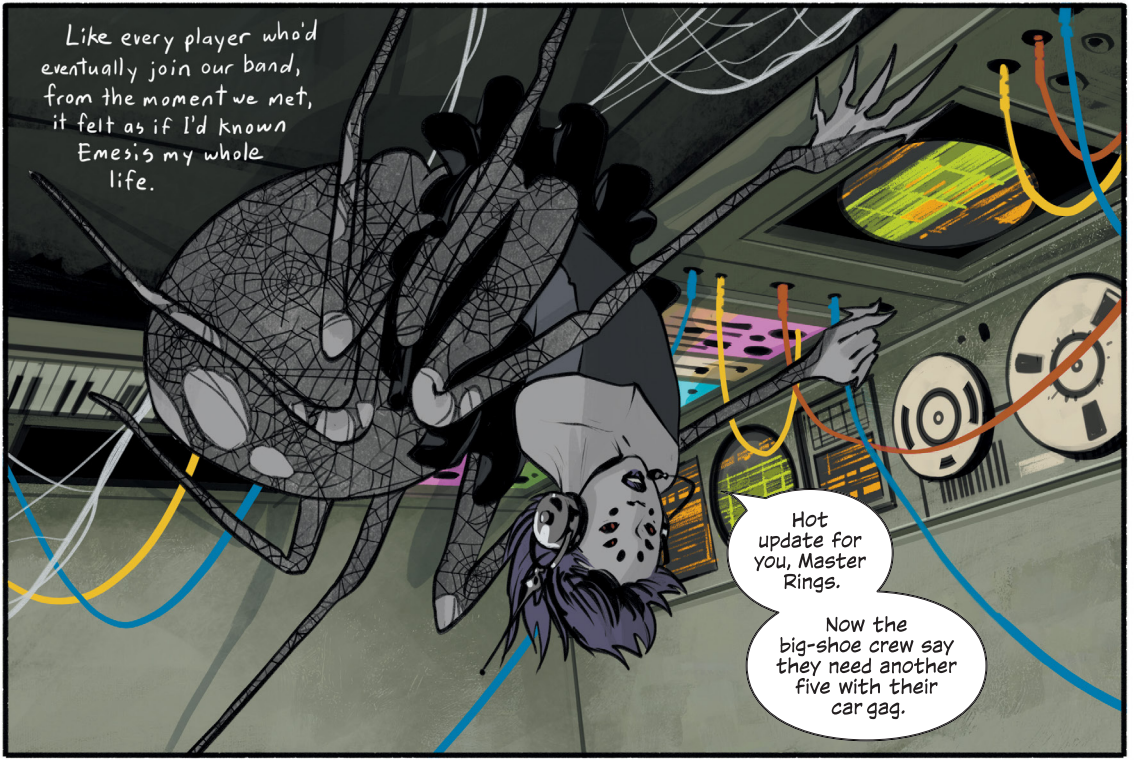
And your friend Emesis has been raving about the whole experience.



She's not my "friend."

I barely even know her.

Bullshit, of course.



Like every player who'd eventually join our band, from the moment we met, it felt as if I'd known Emes is my whole life.

Hot update for you, Master Rings.

Now the big-shoe crew say they need another five with their car gag.



Any chance you can stretch for a few?

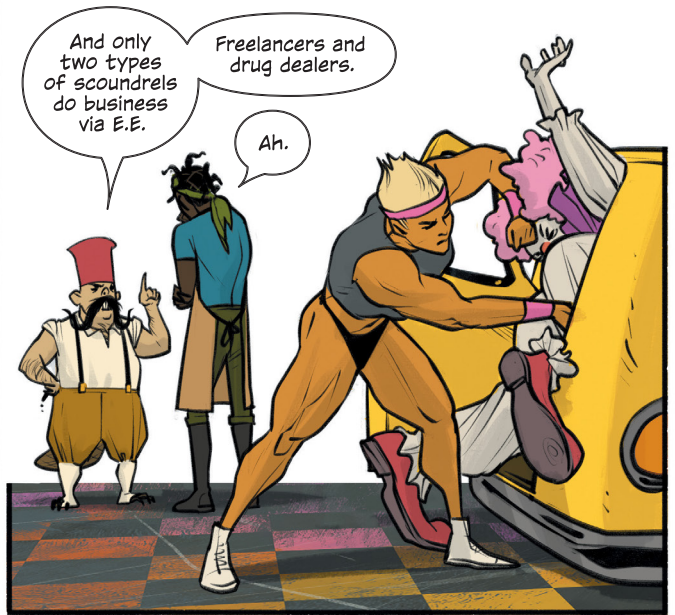
We are dying out here, do you understand me?

Dying.





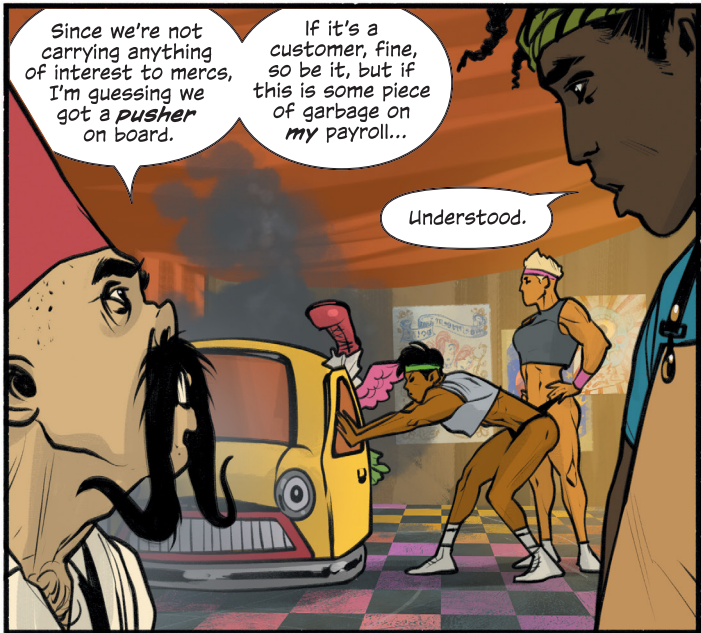
Is that right?



And only two types of scoundrels do business via F.E.

Freelancers and drug dealers.

Ah.



Since we're not carrying anything of interest to mercs, I'm guessing we got a **pusher** on board.

If it's a customer, fine, so be it, but if this is some piece of garbage on **my** payroll...

Understood.



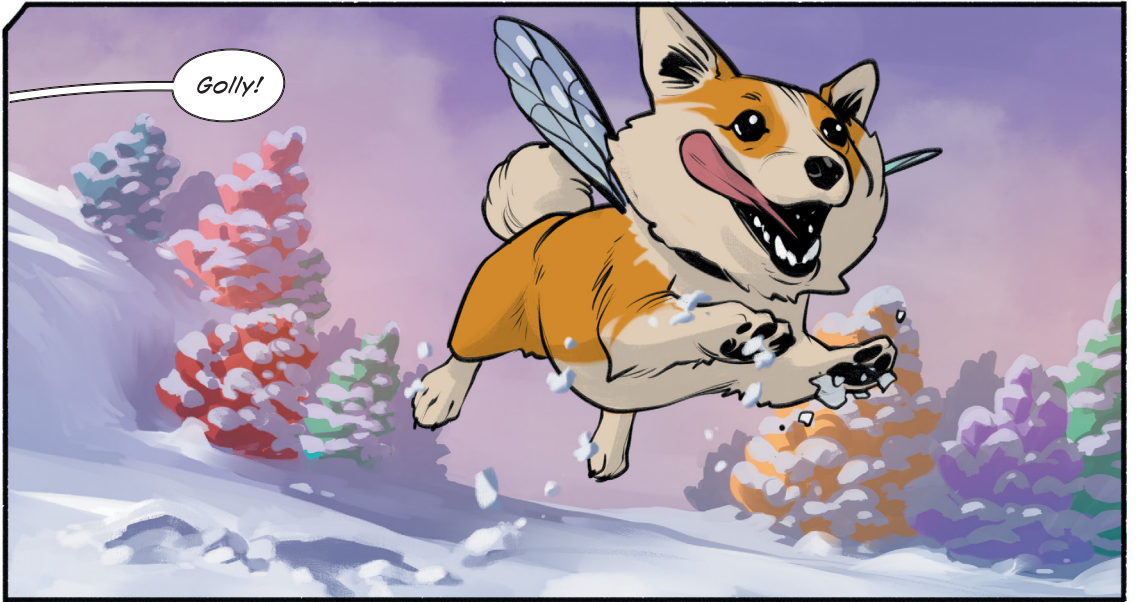
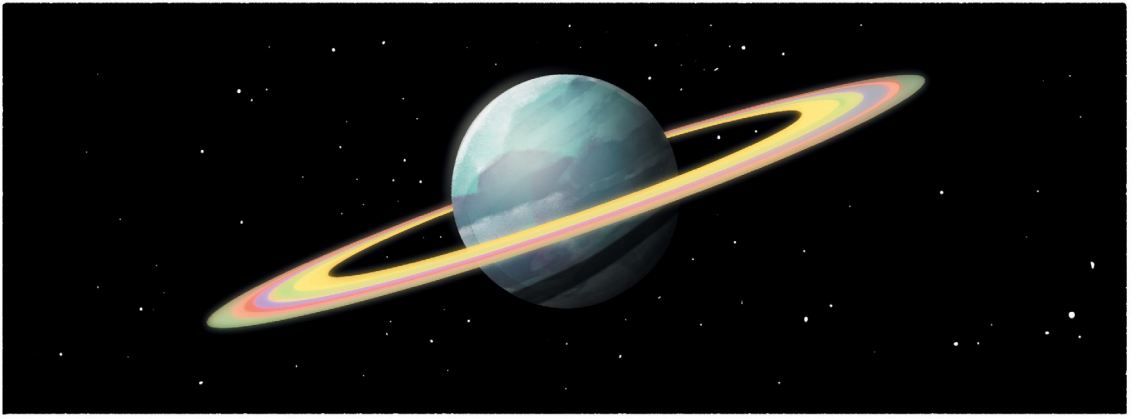
Pfft, "Fadeaway."

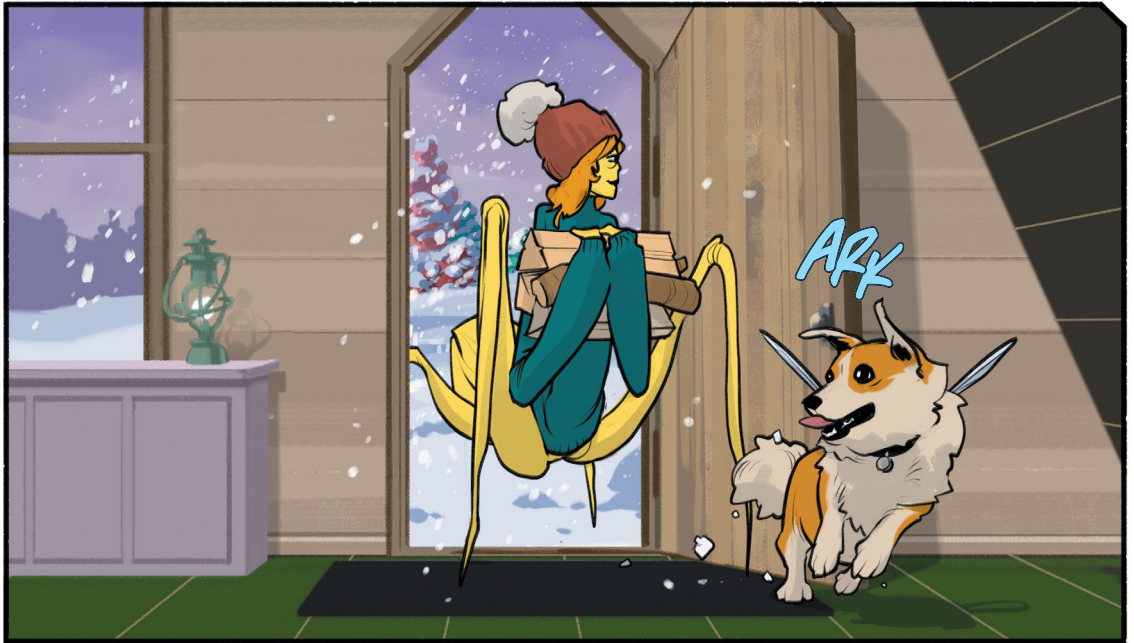
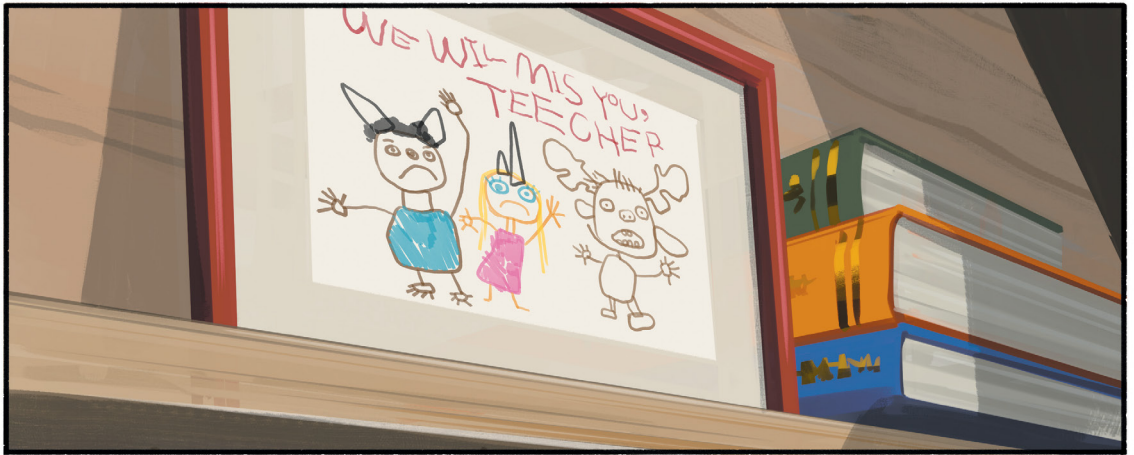
I'll never understand what folks see in that junk.

Escape, I guess.



Who the hell needs to escape **this**?



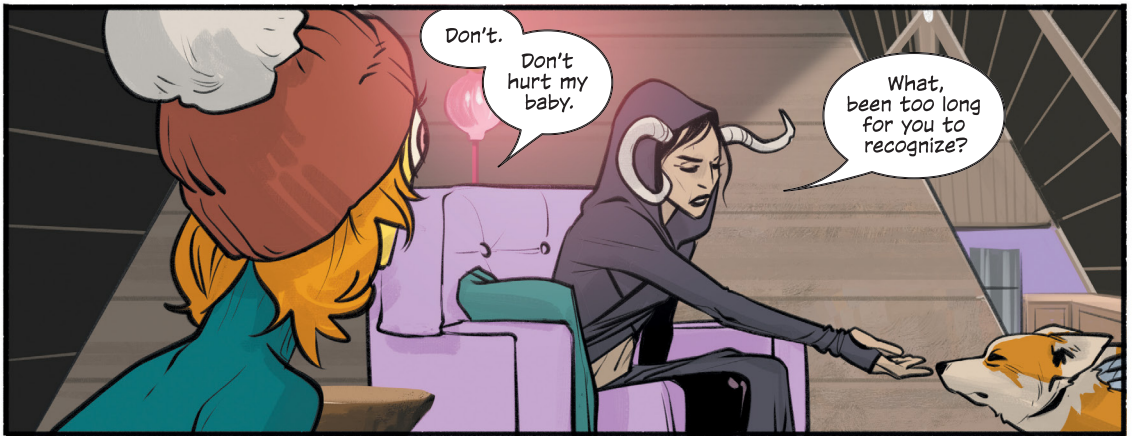




Am I pronounce that correctly?

Noor-eeen?

ARK



Don't.

Don't hurt my baby.

What, been too long for you to recognize?



My god, you're... you're the prisoner who escaped with little Hazel.

Is she...?

Tell me, why quit your job with the wings?



I... I didn't *quit* so much as get harassed into early retirement.

The warden couldn't prove it, but he always suspected I had something to do with your breakout, and treated me accordingly.



My apology. To you *and* pupils you left behind.

Look, it's been years, but I can't guarantee the Landfallian government doesn't still have me under some kind of... *surveillance*.



Yes. I know.

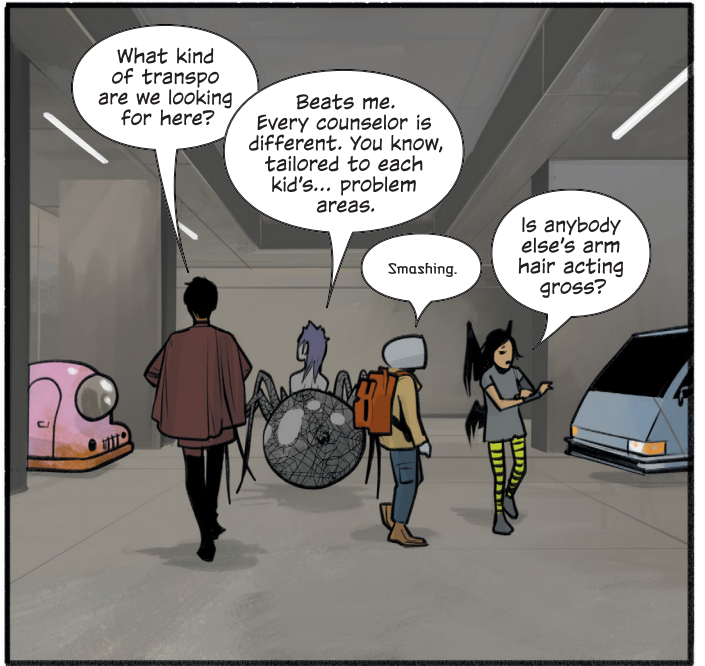
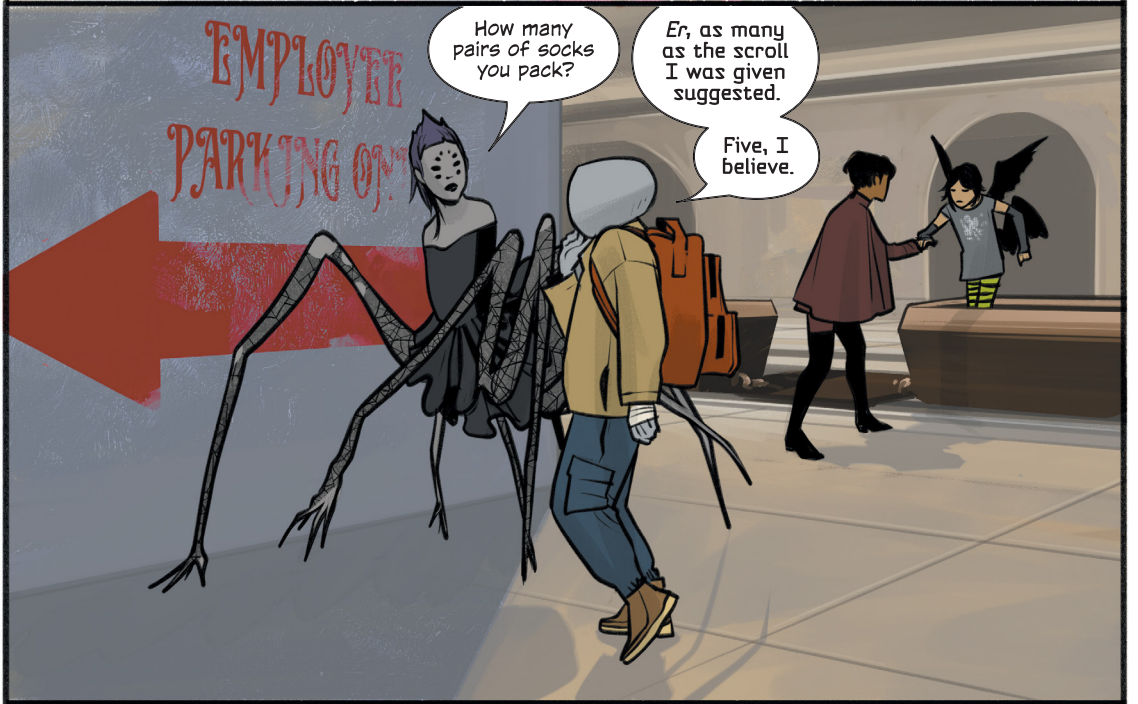
Then, *um*, may I ask what you're doing *here*, *uh*, Pentagraph, was it?

My name is Petrichor, and I need your help.



I need to get back inside that prison.









I am to entrust both my young charge *and* his legal guardian with a Gemstone of Summoning.

If either is activated, the two of you will be instantly reunited... but at significant additional expense.



Such action will also bring this one's adventure to a premature close, so I urge you both to resist your stone's cries.

I understand, but if Squire were to get *hurt*--

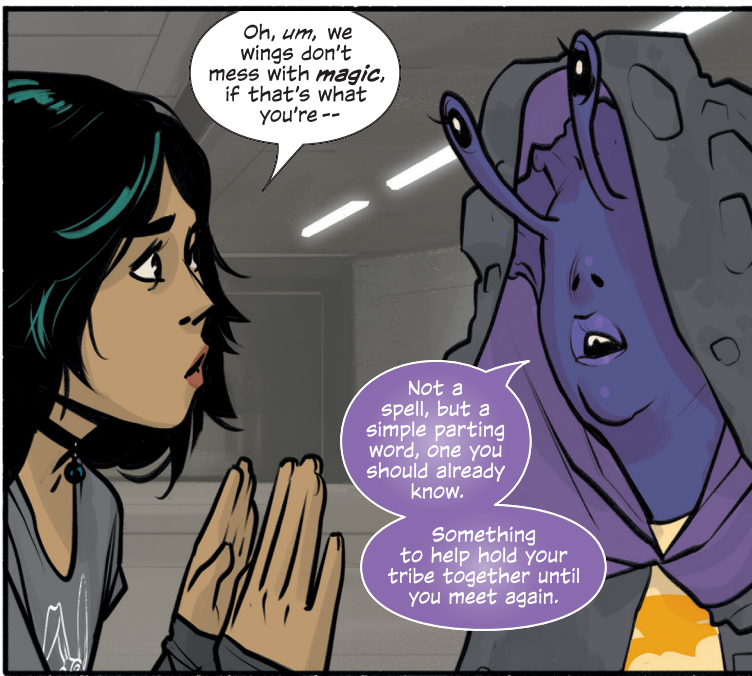
Squire *is* hurt, but he is not broken, as you well know. He will face many challenges, though none he cannot overcome.



And what be you?

I be, uh, his big sister.

Then you have a crucial role to play... you must speak the final incantation.



Oh, um, we wings don't mess with *magic*, if that's what you're--

Not a spell, but a simple parting word, one you should already know.

Something to help hold your tribe together until you meet again.









That was my experience, anyway.



You only kids are still a mystery to me.

Everything all right, ma'am?



You're aware the parklands close at dusk, right?

Visitors can't be out here after --



Actually, I can do whatever the fuck I please.

Secret Intelligence?

Am... am I in trouble?



I don't know yet.

I'm trying to locate a *missing colleague*, and his phone's last ping came from this planetoid.



Perhaps you two crossed paths?



Face doesn't ring a bell.

But your friend, when you last saw him, was he showing signs of, you know, depression?

Why do you ask?



After dusk, the *Hemoths* emerge.

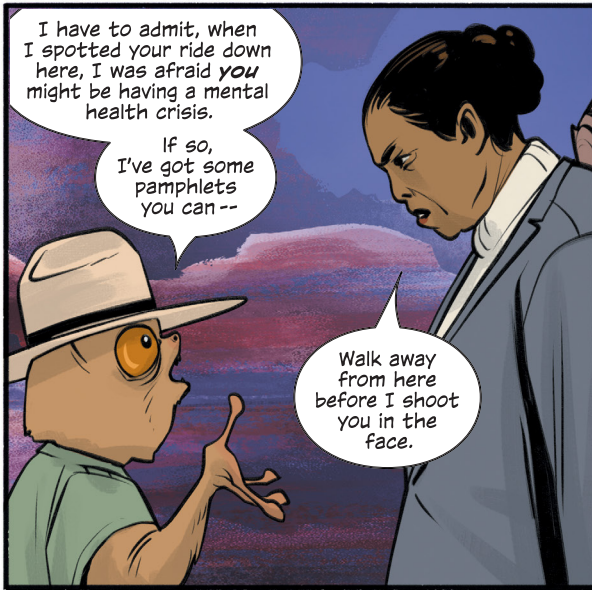
In one bite, they can swallow whole vehicles still parked out here at night, passengers and everything.



So unfortunately, this place gets more than its share of visits from folks who've been thinking about, you know... *ending things*.

Gale, you pussy.

You better *not* have bitched out.





Still, he describes this woman's daughter as having wings, not the creepy devil horns we've been looking for.

Hmm.
Do you still have the seller on hold?



Patching you through now.



-kzzt-
Am I finally speaking to a manager?

Let's just say this is someone who has the authority to make you very rich.

Are you with our wanted persons now?



I'm close enough to slit both their necks... but I'm not telling you where that is until I get wired the first half of my finder's fee: two million.

Ha.

Laugh it up, but you're not the only interested party I've reached out to.



I don't know what these ladies have done to piss everybody off, but guess who else wants 'em bad? Your good pals the moonies.

And when it comes to politics, I tend to side with those guys...

...but I'll sell
these cunts to
whoever ponies
up first.



end chapter seventy



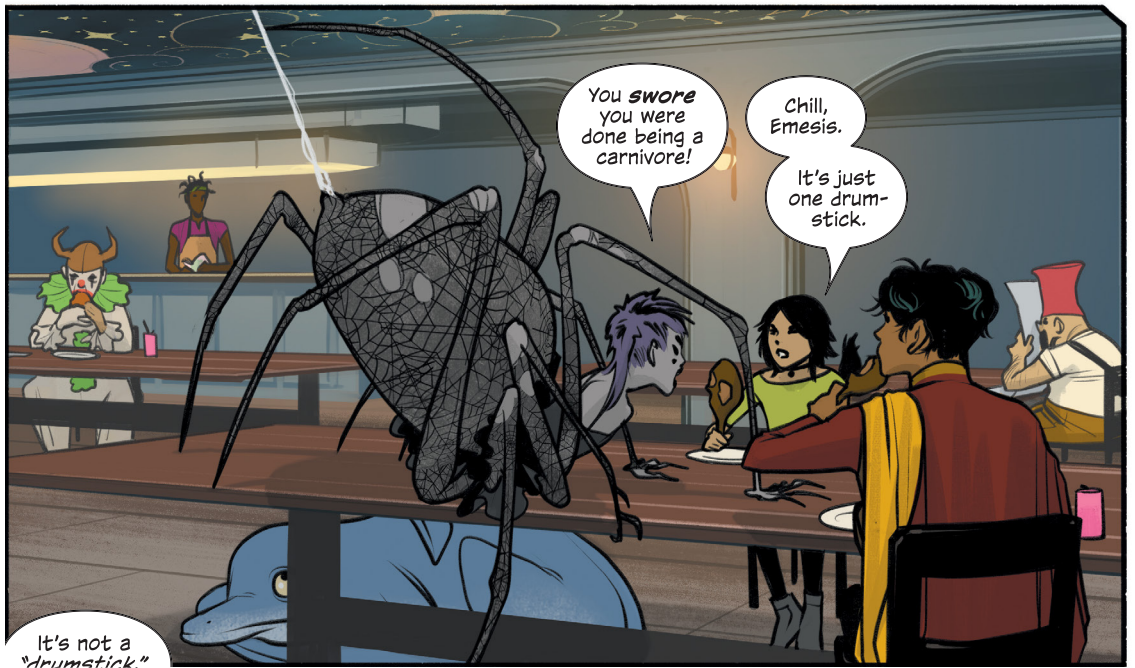
CHAPTER

SEVENTY-ONE



Gentle
GOODBYES
D. OSWALD
GEIST

You
lying back-
stabber!



You *swore* you were done being a carnivore!

Chill, Emesis. It's just one drumstick.

It's not a "drumstick," it's a leg.



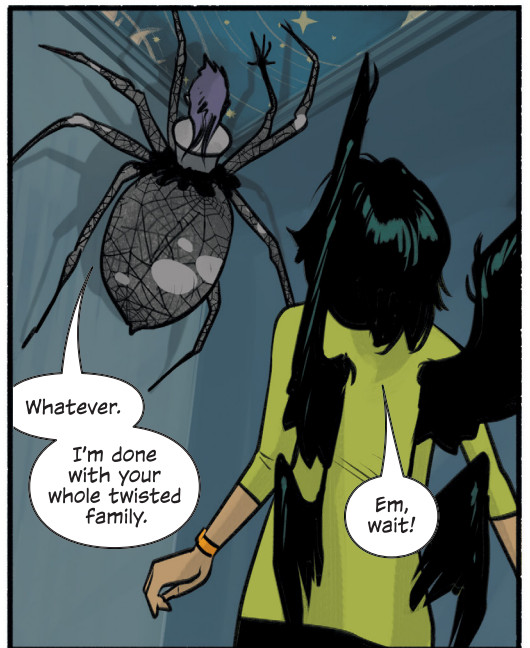
One that *used* to be attached to another being who could feel pain and pleasure and --

Guys, could you maybe take this ethical debate elsewhere?



And could you maybe stop using gendered language, New Mom?

Hey. I asked you not to call me that and I meant it, all right?



Whatever.

I'm done with your whole twisted family.

Em, wait!



This is all *your* fault.

Excuse me?



Why'd you let me get hooked on cheeseburgers and stuff?

Didn't my dad think they were, like, totally unethical?

My *husband* never pushed being a vegetarian on anybody. And I fed you whatever I could afford.



But you *both* said violence is always wrong.

What's more violent than turning another living thing into *food*?

APNK



Hhh. Maybe you're right...

Actually?



The doc said I should start watching my stupid cholesterol anyway.

Oh.

Well, uh, maybe we can hit the salad bar later. Together?



And about that stuff I said --

It's fine, honey.

Why don't you go after your pal, see if you can patch things up.



Thanks.



Want me to get you something else, Chief?

Depends, Feld.

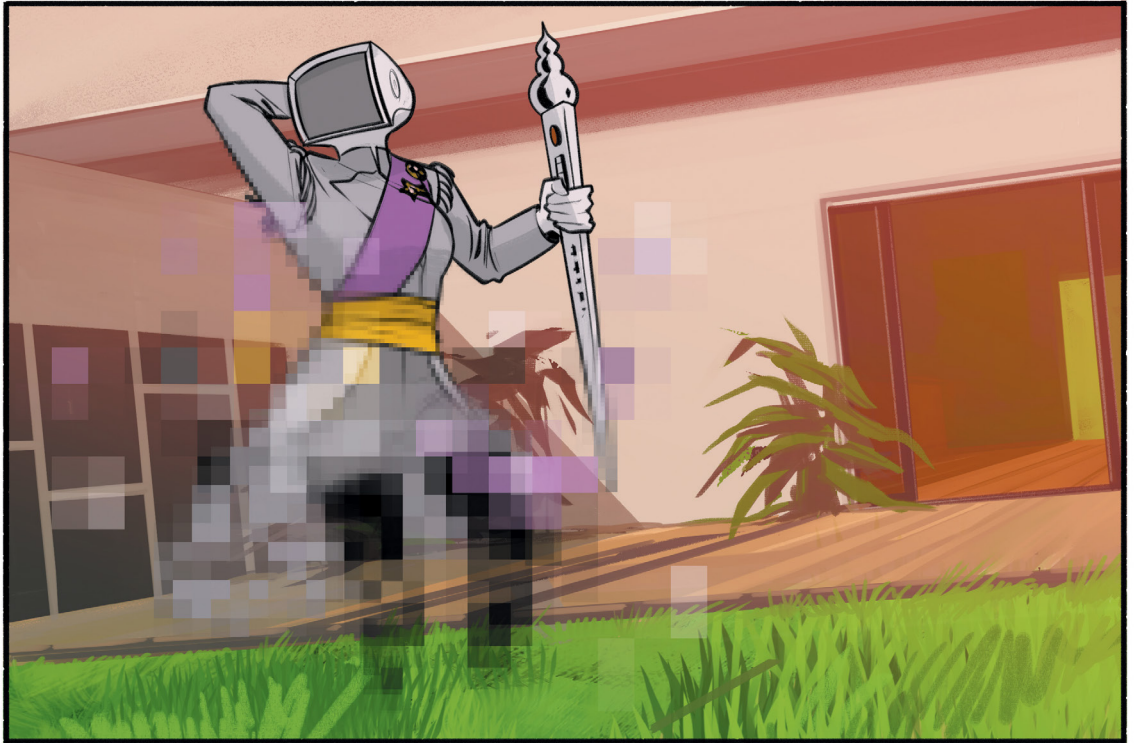


That invite to your place still stand?

It had been a few weeks since my brother's departure, and his absence had started to make us all a little... erratic.

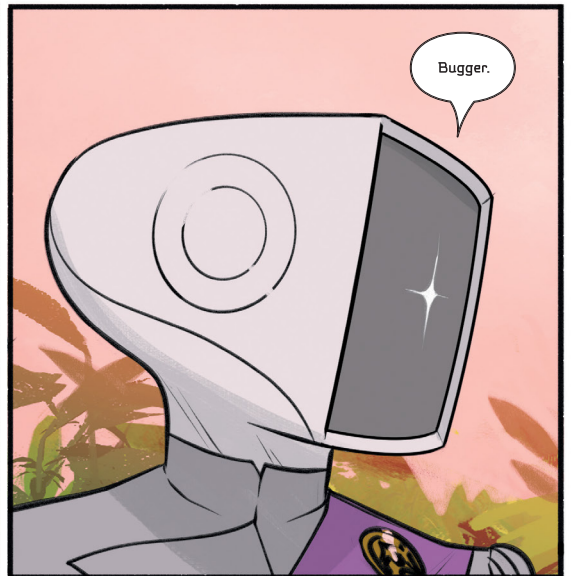


Maybe that happens
whenever a family
changes shape.

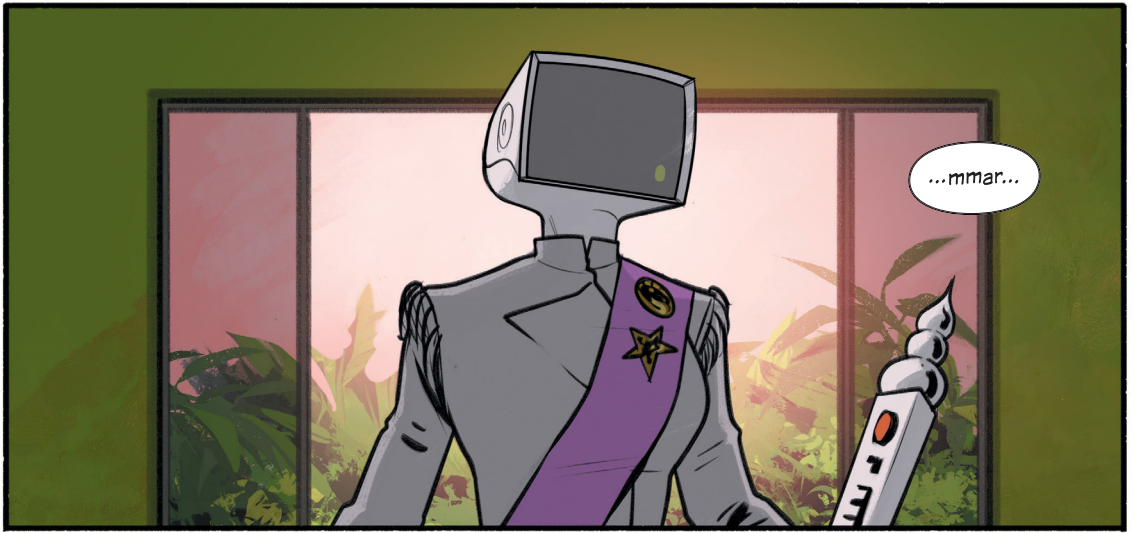


Countess X
here, Your
Majesty, still
on the hunt for
our wayward
ally.

I've tracked down the old
diplomatic craft in which she fled
Wreath, but it appears to have
been **abandoned** for some...



Bugger.



...mmar...



...mmmako...

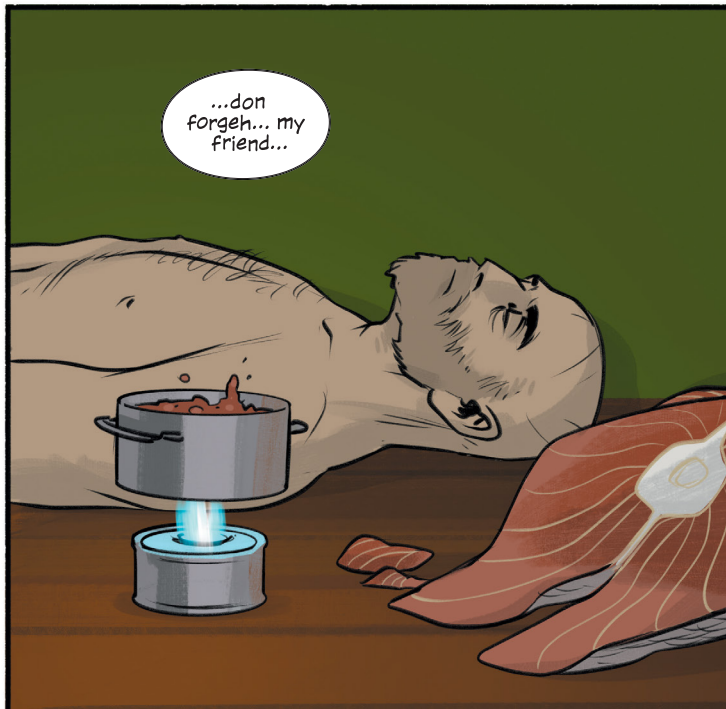
lookat...
rrr beaut'fl...
babies...



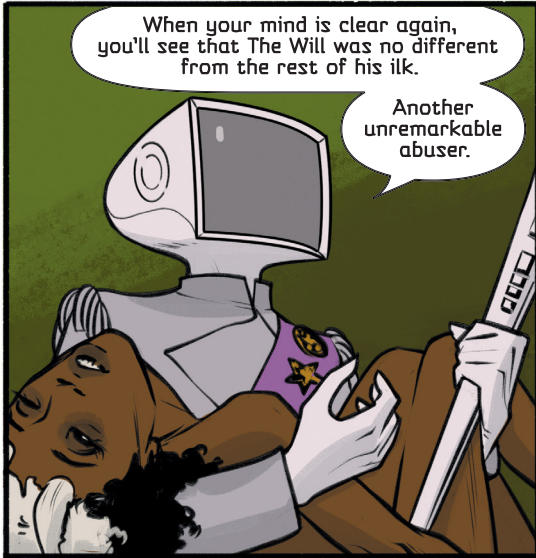
Poor creature.

You've fallen into quite the dog's breakfast, but I'm going to help you get--

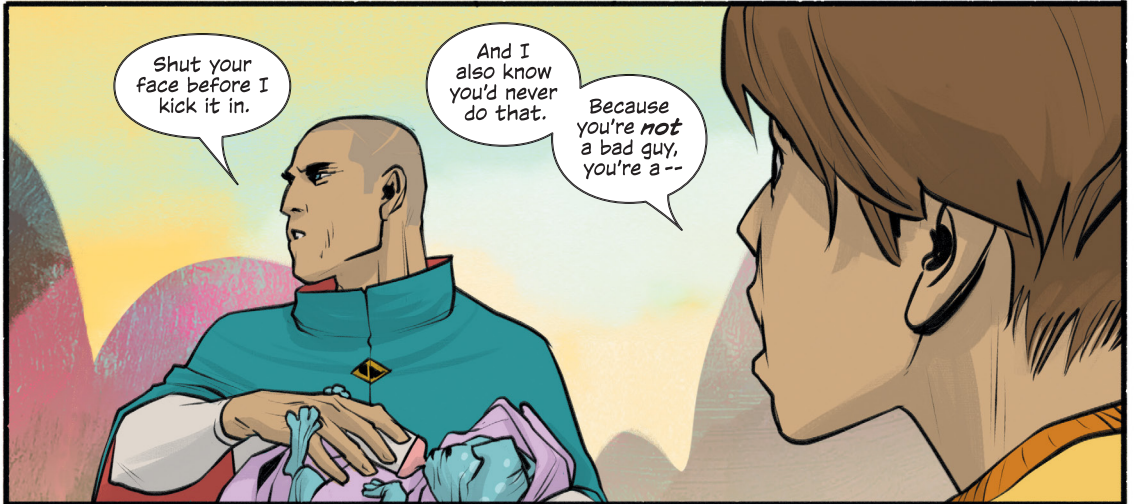
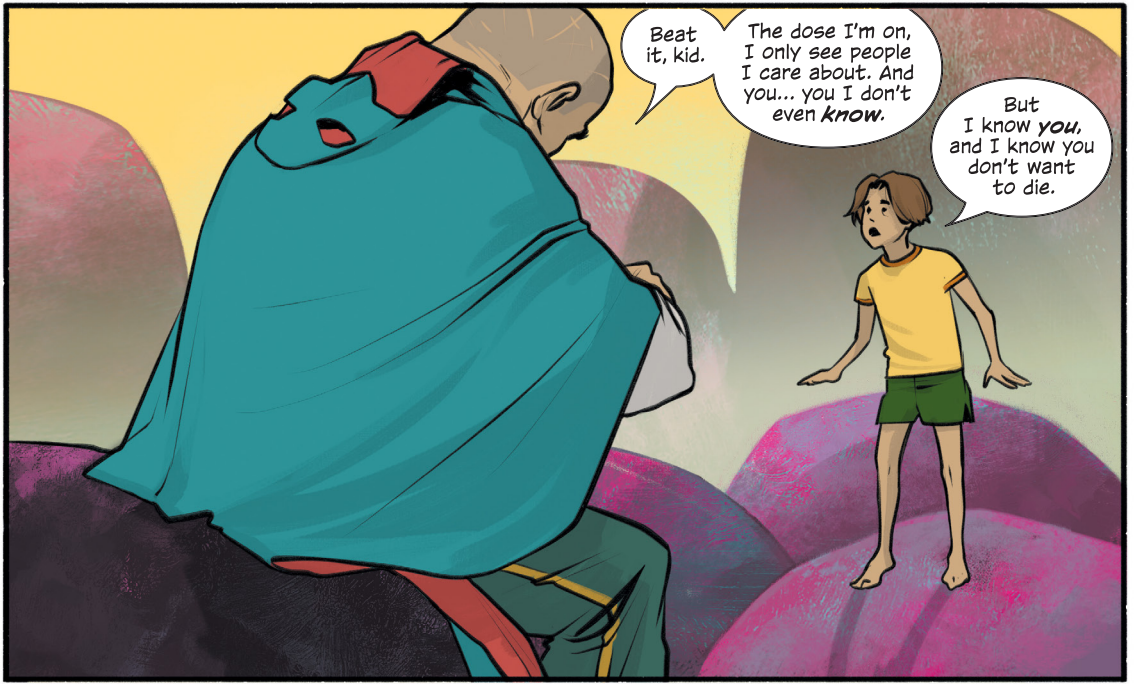
...myfren...

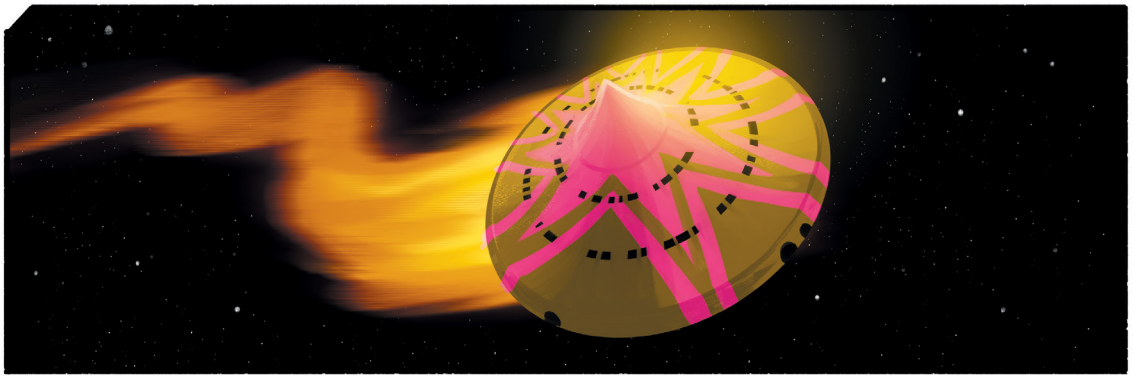


...don forgeh... my friend...









Can we talk?

You can do anything you want, Hazel.

Makes zero difference to me.



Why are you being such a she-bitch?

I'm trying to *apologize* to you.



What's the point?

At the end of this season, you and your people are just gonna move on like the rest of the part-time help.

Took me a while to learn this, but the most important moments in life aren't about finding lost amulets or toppling evil empires.



Oh. *So that's what this is.*

It's the mundane shit that changes everything.



Meaning what, exactly?

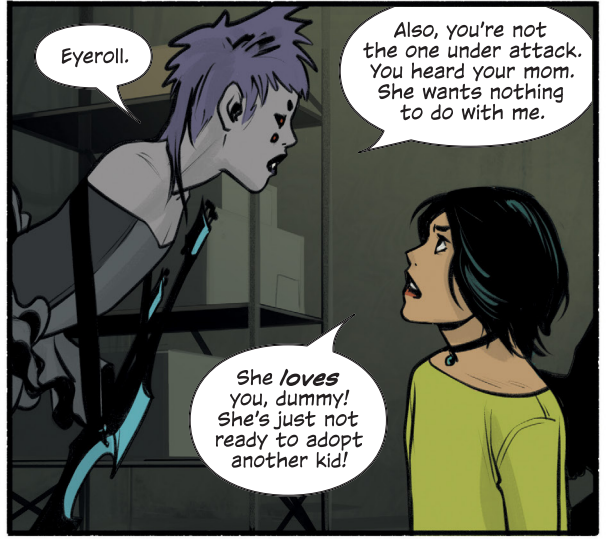
My self-defense teacher warned me people do this kinda thing.

They're so worried that they might get hurt, they end up hurting you *first* just to, like, protect themselves.



You had a *self-defense teacher*?

I used to... but she never taught me to defend against this.



Eyeball.

Also, you're not the one under attack. You heard your mom. She wants nothing to do with me.

She *loves* you, dummy! She's just not ready to adopt another kid!



And I'm not exactly ready to have another psycho sibling.

No offense.

None taken.

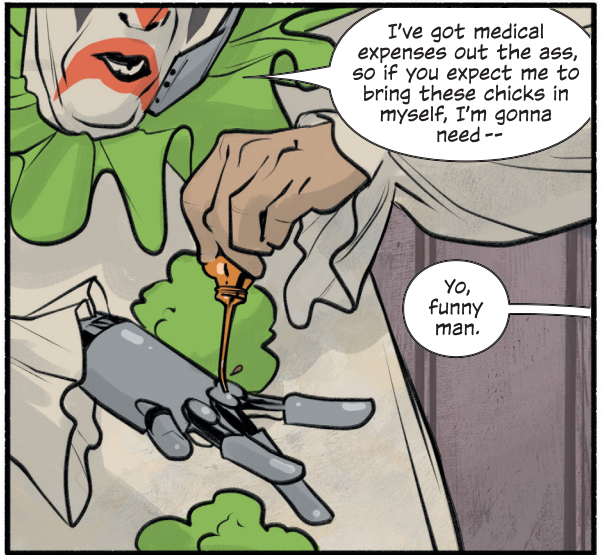


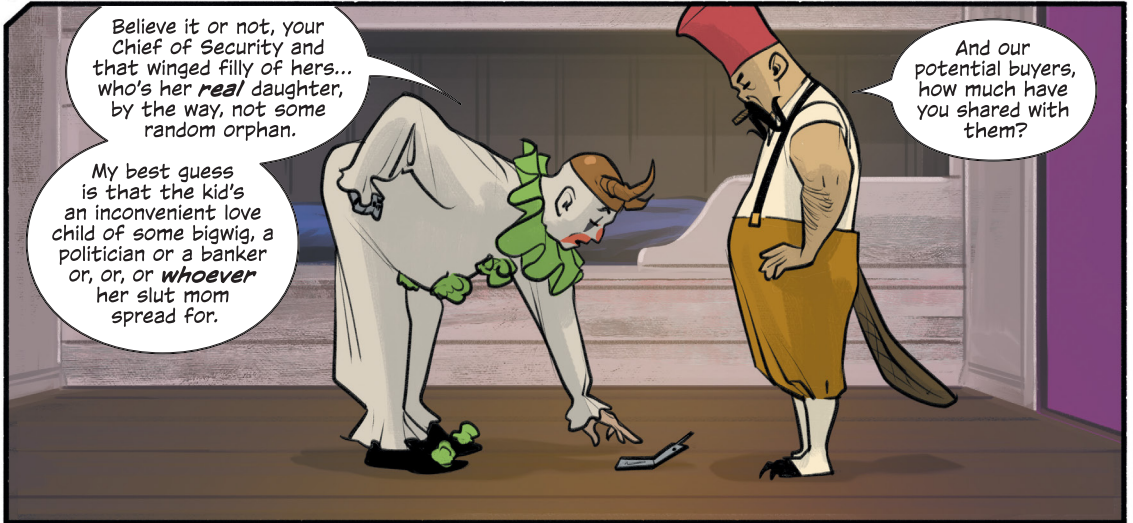
I have no idea when or where my family is going next, but you're cool and smart and funny and I... I like being around you.

As long as we're together, can't we just be friends?





















What?
No, I'm, you know... an independent investigator.

Then say that! Say those words!



I'm so sorry.

I've wanted to tell you everything since the moment we met, but my employer said you'd never come with me if you knew it was him.

Him who, god-dammit?



Your father.

My...?



What's that self-obsessed dick want now?

I'm afraid he's sick, Alana, and his condition is worsening.



He wants to see you one last time. Before he passes.



Daddy?

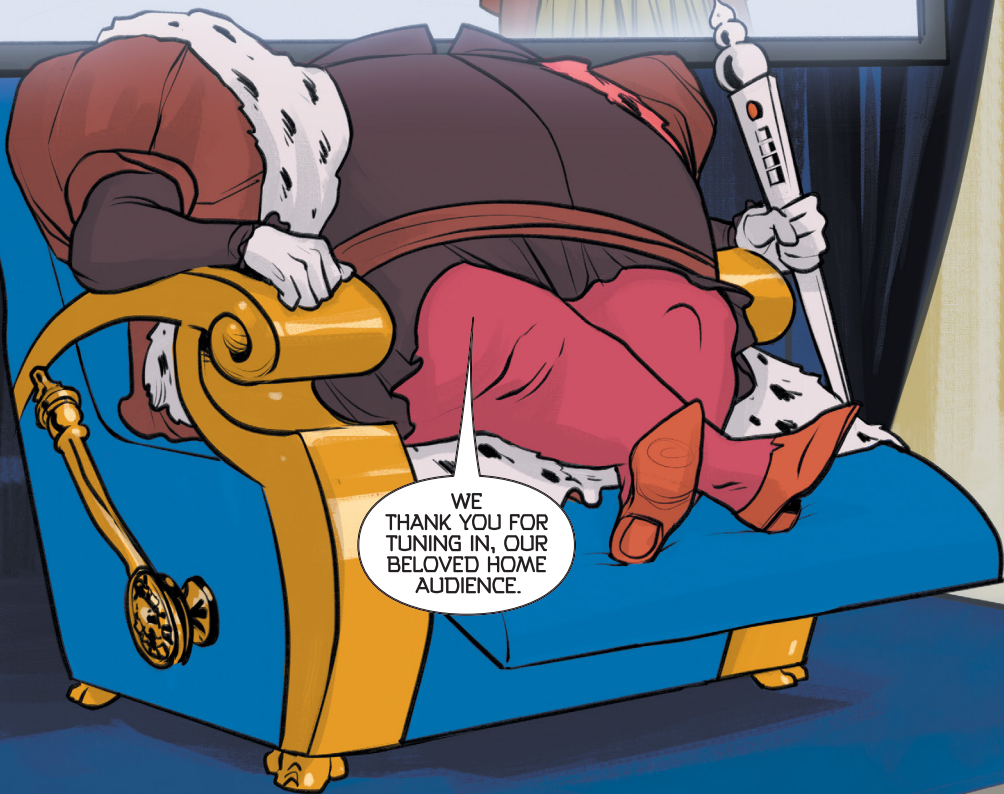
end chapter seventy-one



CHAPTER

SEVENTY-TWO

PLEASE STAND BY FOR
A ROYAL PROCLAMATION
FROM HIS MAJESTY
KING ROBOT

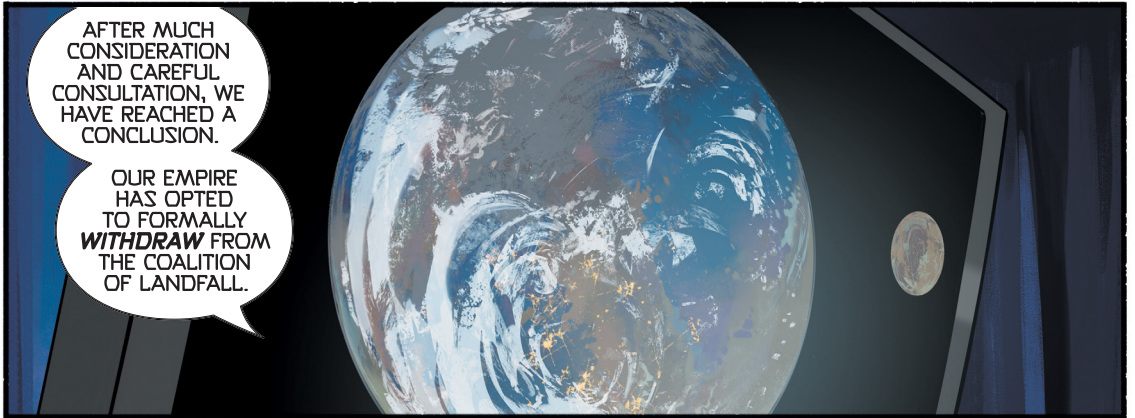


WE
THANK YOU FOR
TUNING IN, OUR
BELOVED HOME
AUDIENCE.



THIS EVENING'S ANNOUNCEMENT MAY COME AS A SHOCK, ESPECIALLY TO OUR OLDER SUBJECTS AND CHERISHED VETERANS.

AND YET, IN DUE TIME, **EVERY** ROBOT WILL BENEFIT FROM THIS IMPORTANT UPDATE, NO MATTER THEIR STATION.



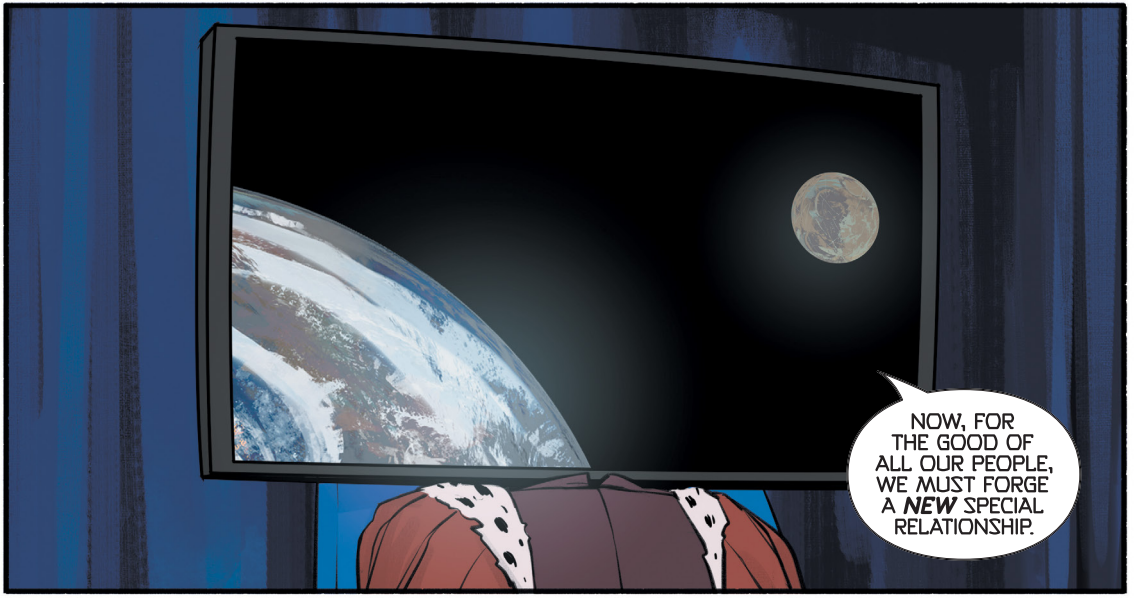
AFTER MUCH CONSIDERATION AND CAREFUL CONSULTATION, WE HAVE REACHED A CONCLUSION.

OUR EMPIRE HAS OPTED TO FORMALLY **WITHDRAW** FROM THE COALITION OF LANDFALL.



WE WISH THE BEST TO OUR LONGTIME ALLIES.

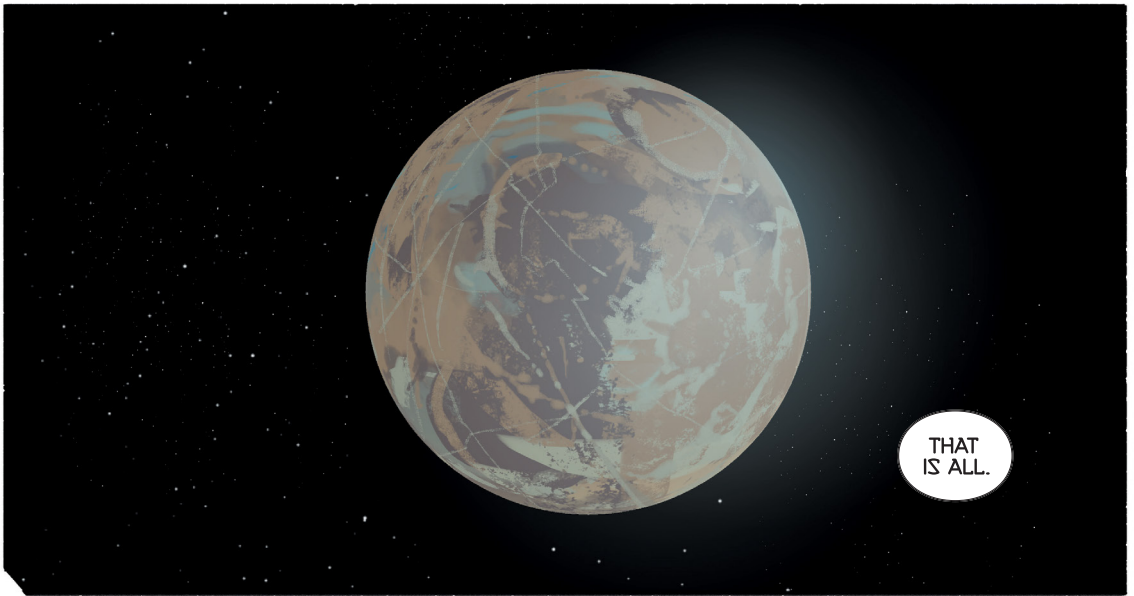
BEST TO OUR LONGTIME ALLIES.



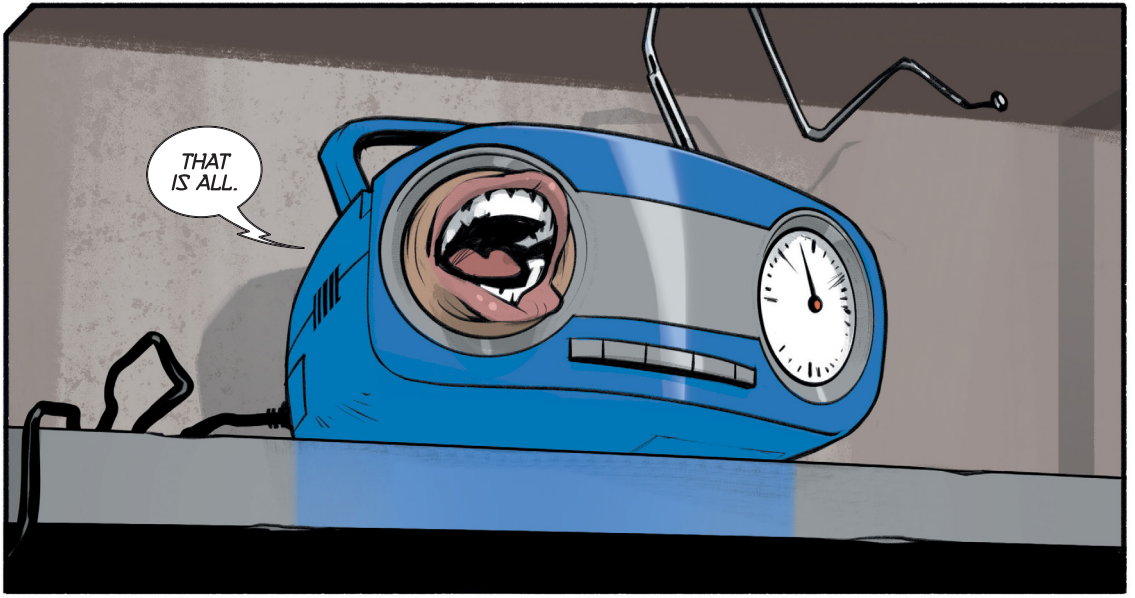
NOW, FOR THE GOOD OF ALL OUR PEOPLE, WE MUST FORGE A **NEW** SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP.



AND SO, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY, THE ROBOT KINGDOM HENCEFORTH STANDS UNITED WITH THE MOON OF **WREATH**.



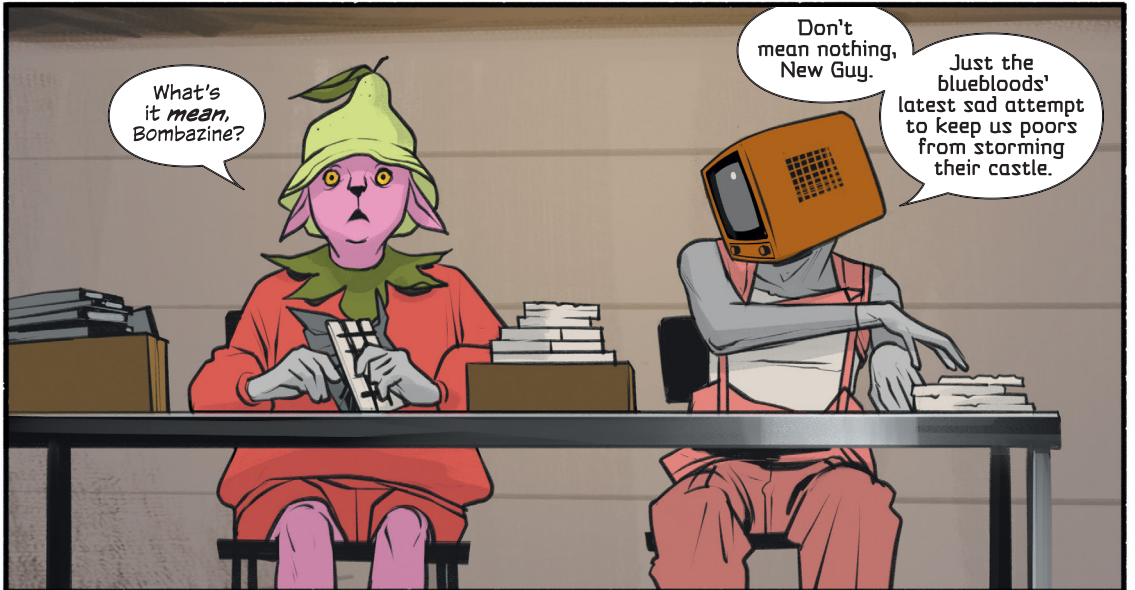
THAT IS ALL.



THAT IS ALL..



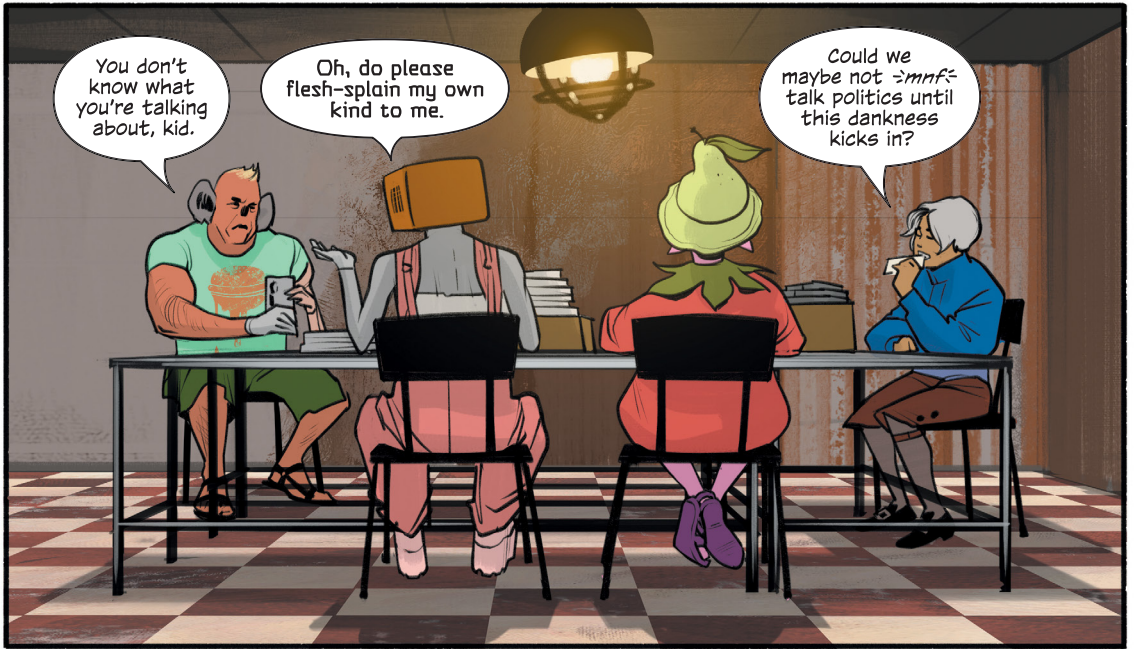
Whoa.



What's it *mean*, Bombazine?

Don't mean nothing, New Guy.

Just the bluebloods' latest sad attempt to keep us poors from storming their castle.



You don't know what you're talking about, kid.

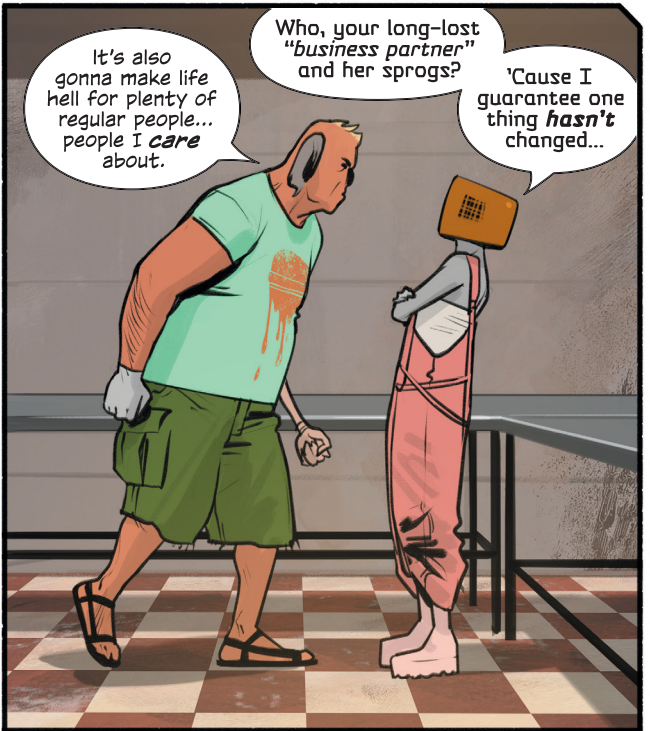
Oh, do please flesh-splain my own kind to me.

Could we maybe not *~mf~* talk politics until this dankness kicks in?



A balance of power that's been in place for a hundred generations just got tossed in an effing blender.

This changes *everything*, and not just for your royals.



It's also gonna make life hell for plenty of regular people... people I *care* about.

Who, your long-lost "business partner" and her sprogs?

'Cause I guarantee one thing *hasn't* changed...



...the fact that none of 'em has ever thought about *you*.

Eble vi ambaü pravas!



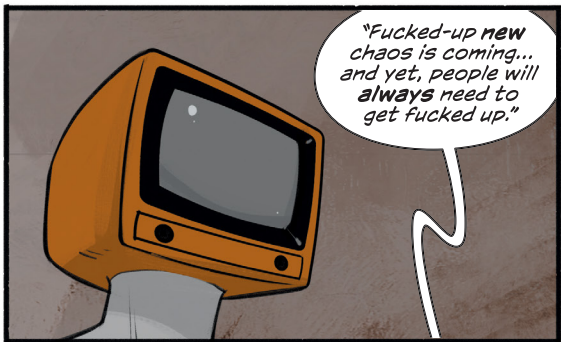
Iu feko ŝanĝiĝos, sed alia feko estas eterna.



The Skipper says you're **both** right.

"Some shit will change, but other shit is **eternal**."

Fikita nova kaoso venas... kaj tamen homoj ĉiam bezonas fikiĝi.



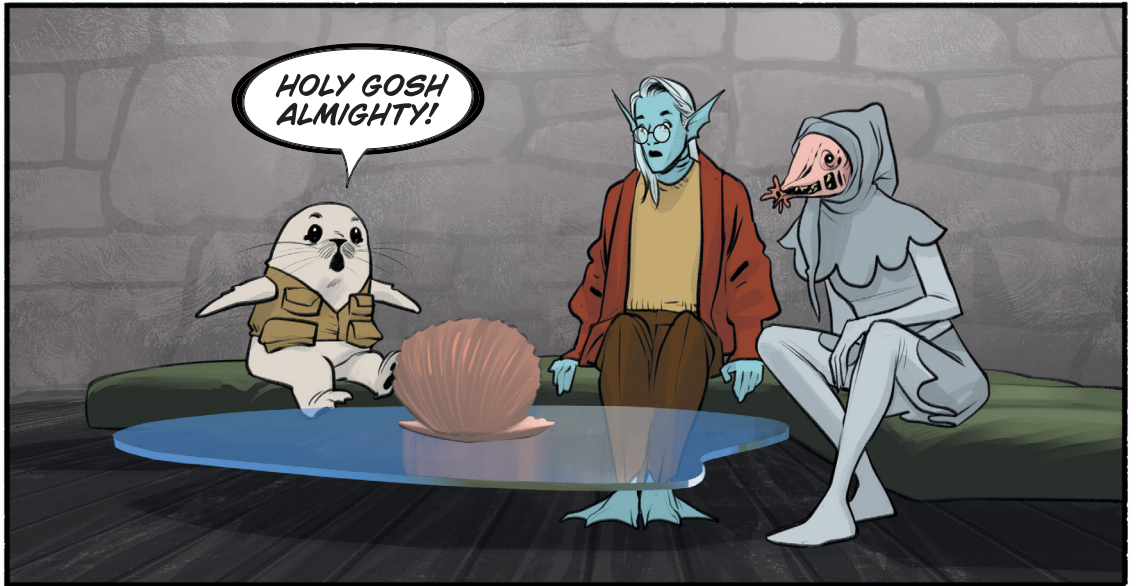
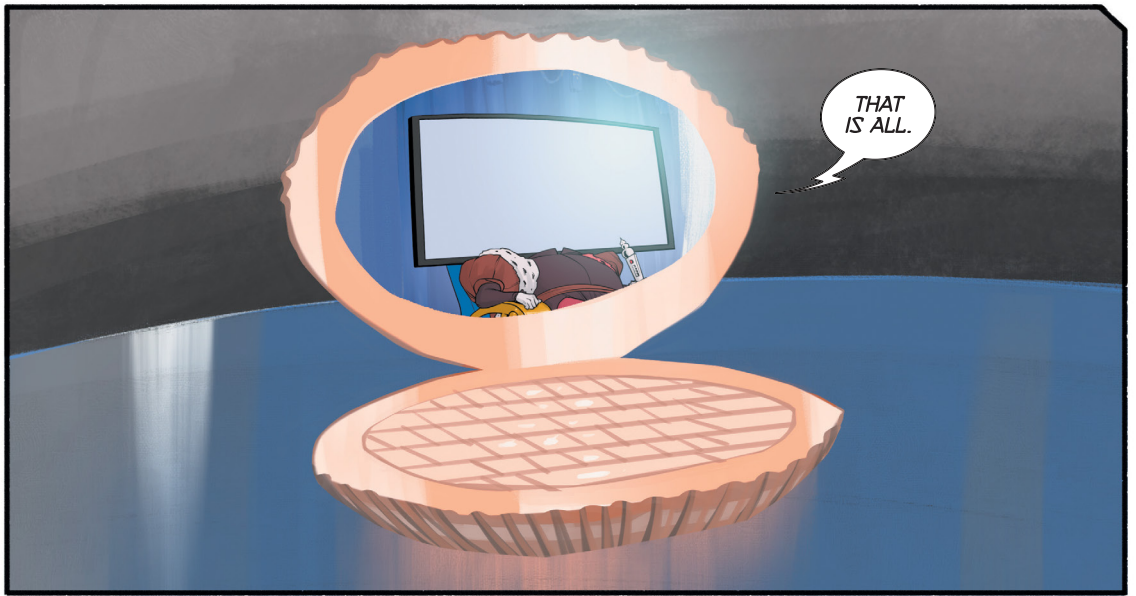
"Fucked-up new chaos is coming... and yet, people will **always** need to get fucked up."

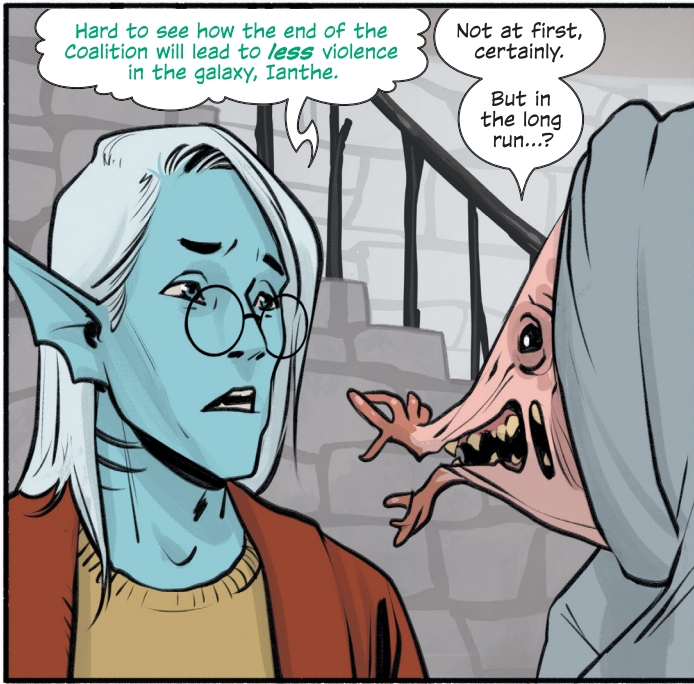


Do reiru al fika laboro.



"So get back to **fucking** work."





Hard to see how the end of the Coalition will lead to *less* violence in the galaxy, Ianthe.

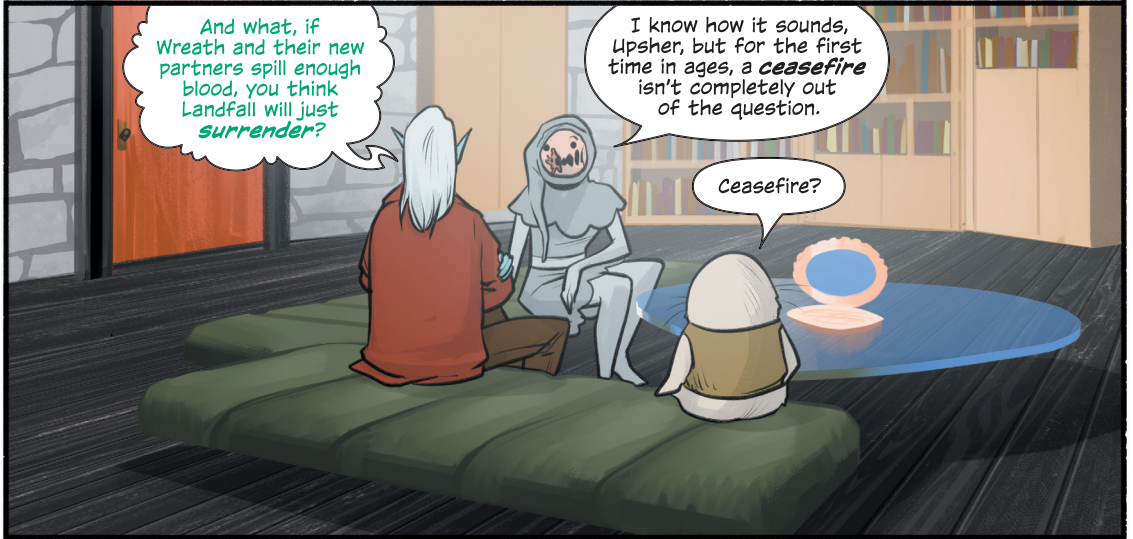
Not at first, certainly.

But in the long run...?



It was no secret in my old diplomatic circles that the wings were already stretched to the breaking point.

Without tactical and technological assistance from the Kingdom, their losses will continue to mount.



And what, if Wreath and their new partners spill enough blood, you think Landfall will just *surrender*?

I know how it sounds, Upsher, but for the first time in ages, a *ceasefire* isn't completely out of the question.

Ceasefire?

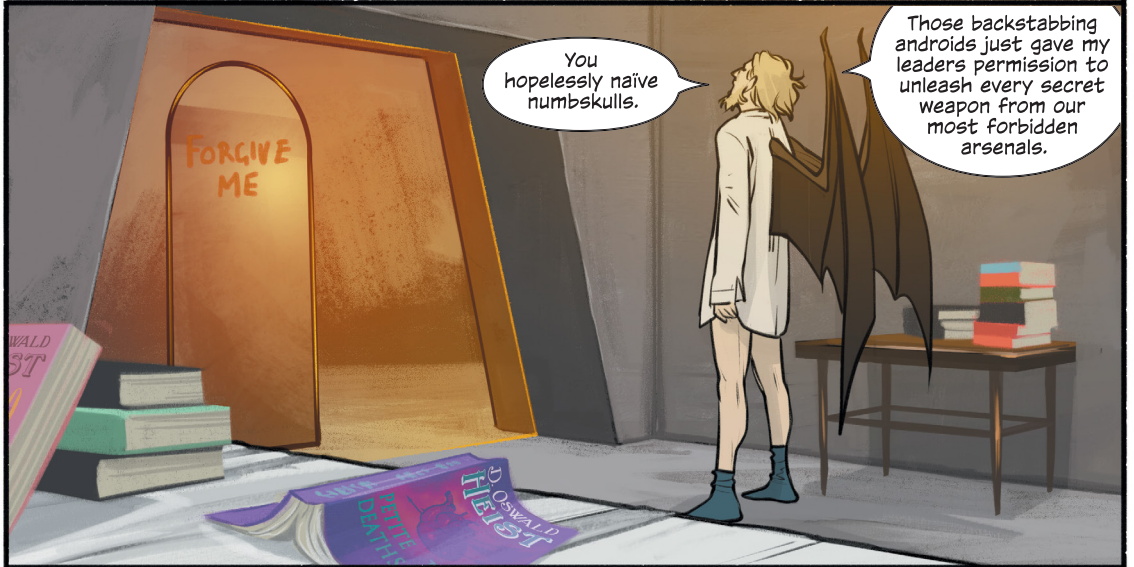


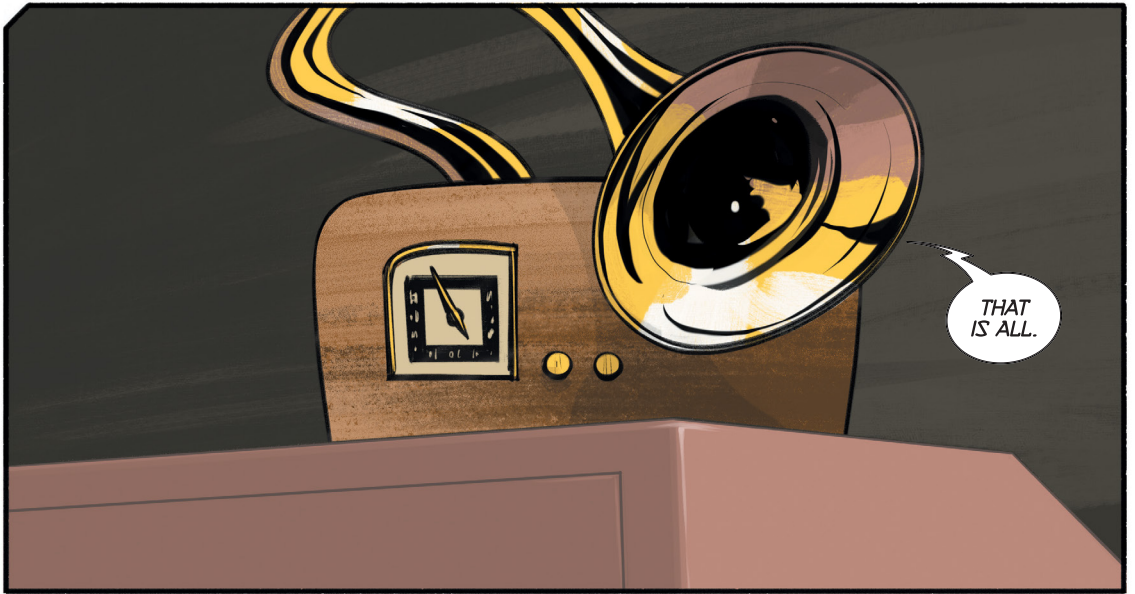
Could be a step towards somethin' like real *peace*.

Ha!



HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA!

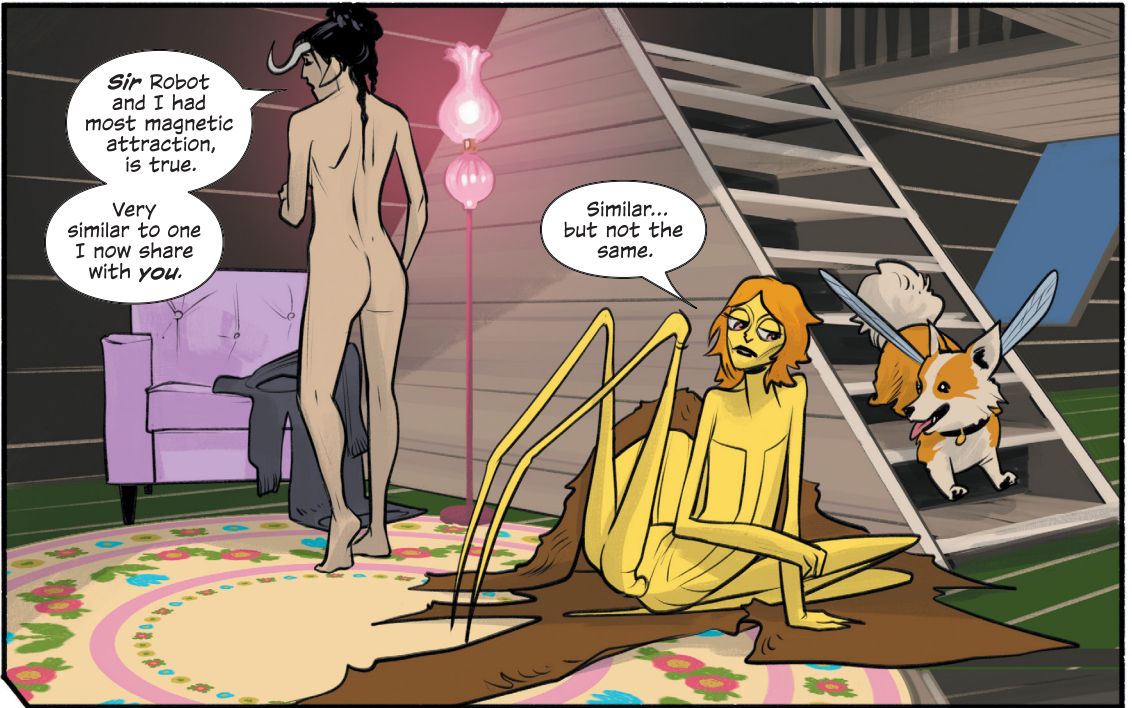






Ah, fate.

Like the kind that brought you your handsome prince.



Sir Robot and I had most magnetic attraction, is true.

Very similar to one I now share with you.

Similar... but not the same.



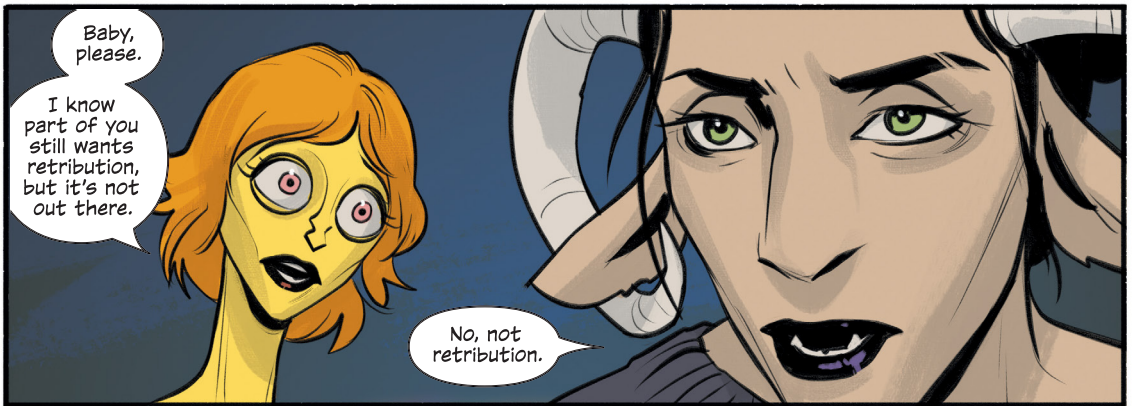
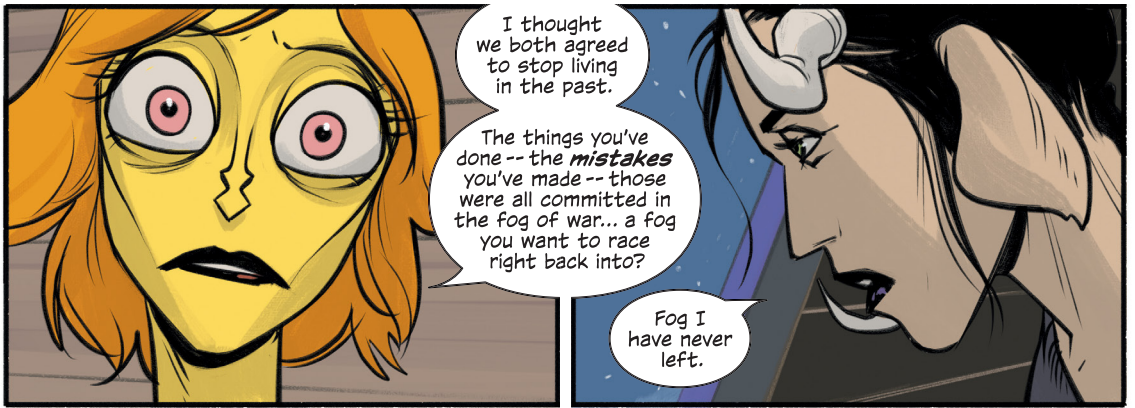
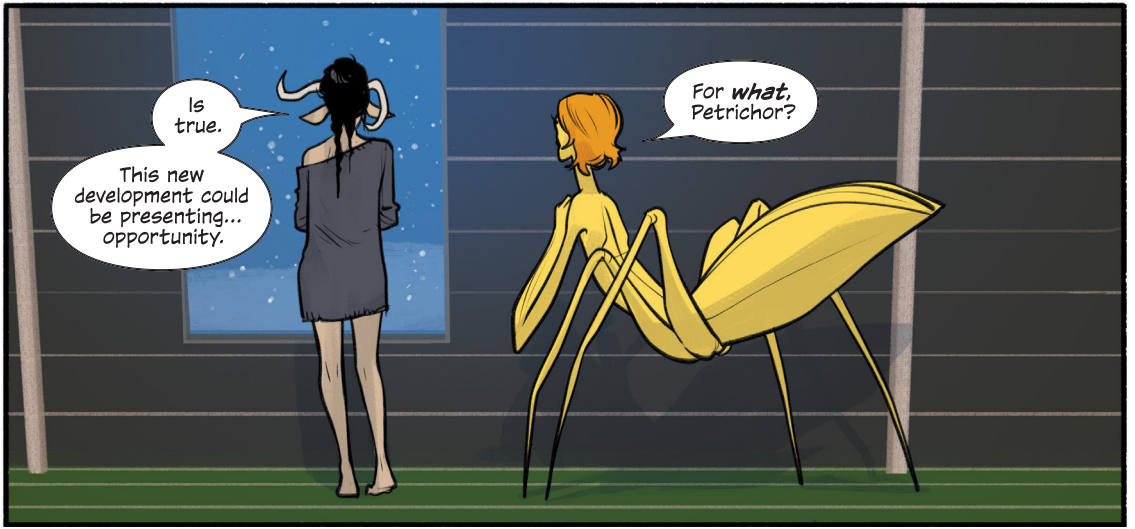
My beautiful, kindly teacher.

You know how much past months have been meaning to me.



Then why does it feel like you suddenly have one foot out the door?

ARK





THAT IS ALL.

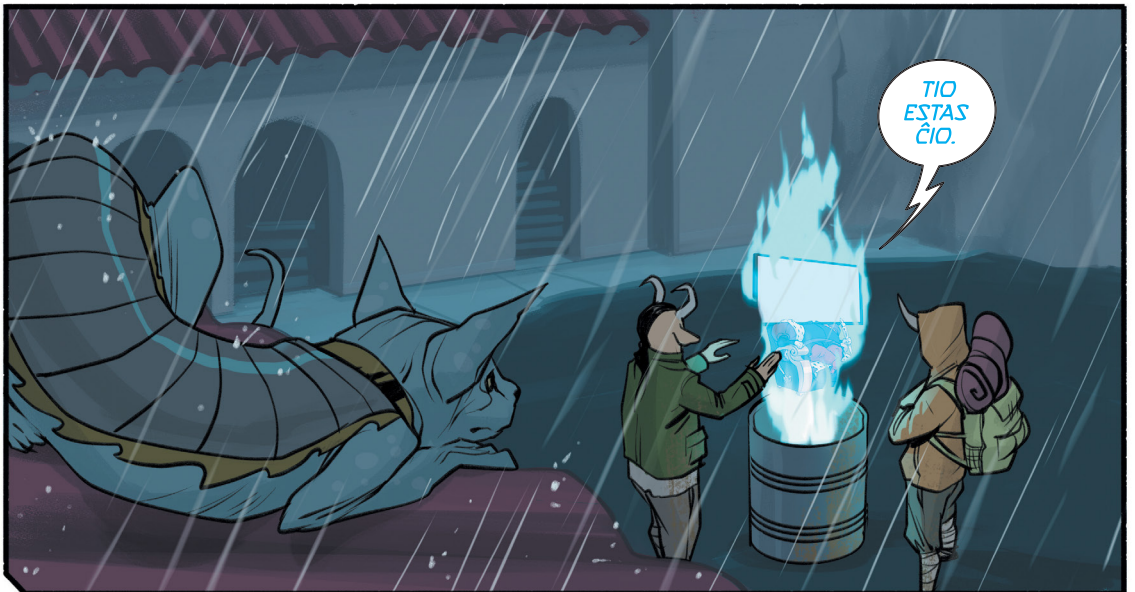
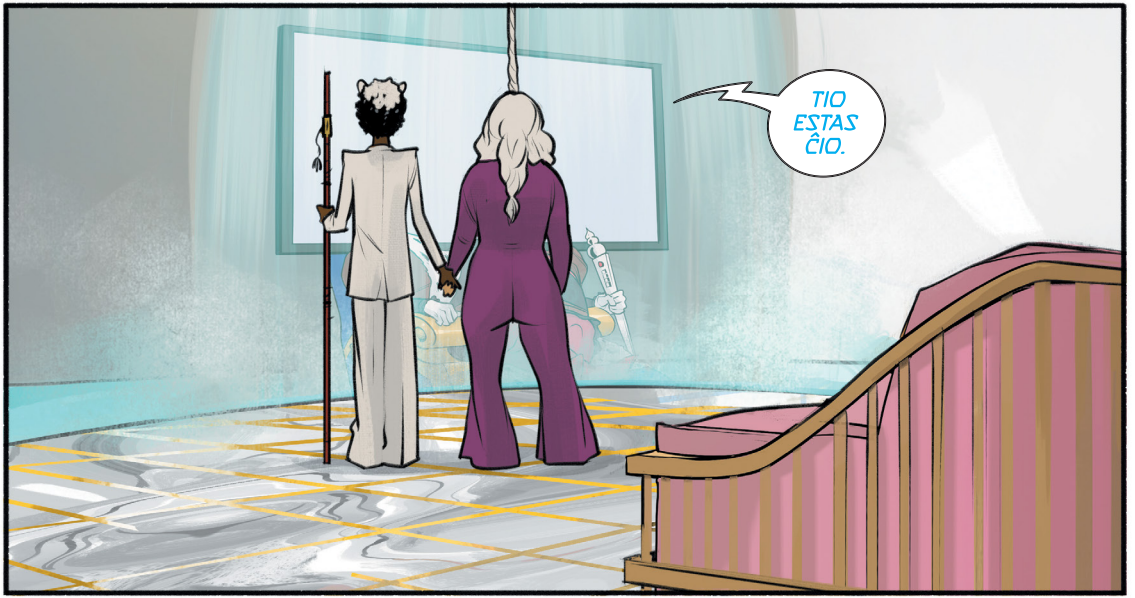


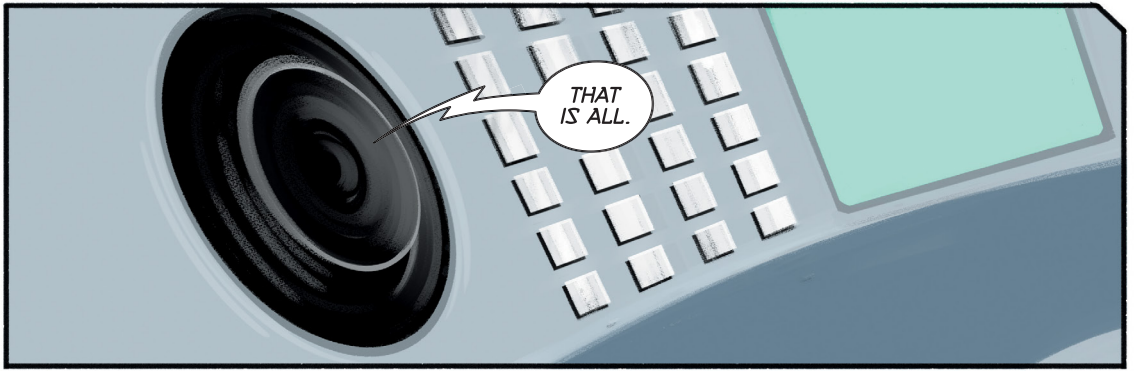
THAT IS ALL.

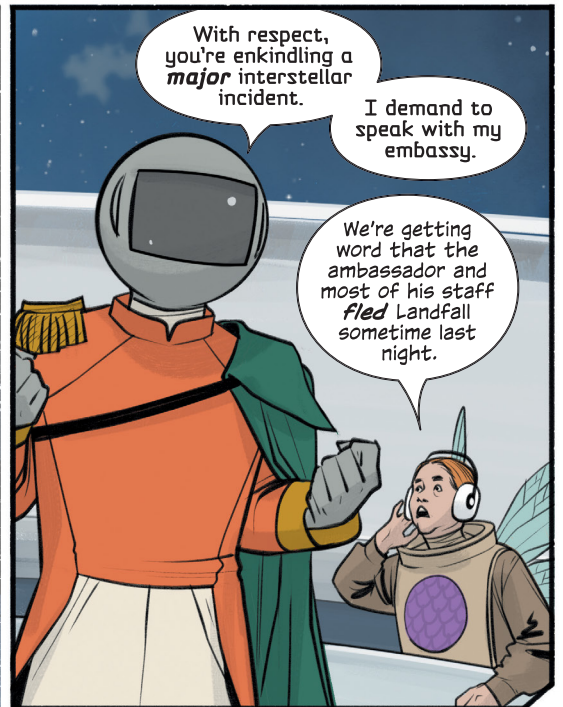
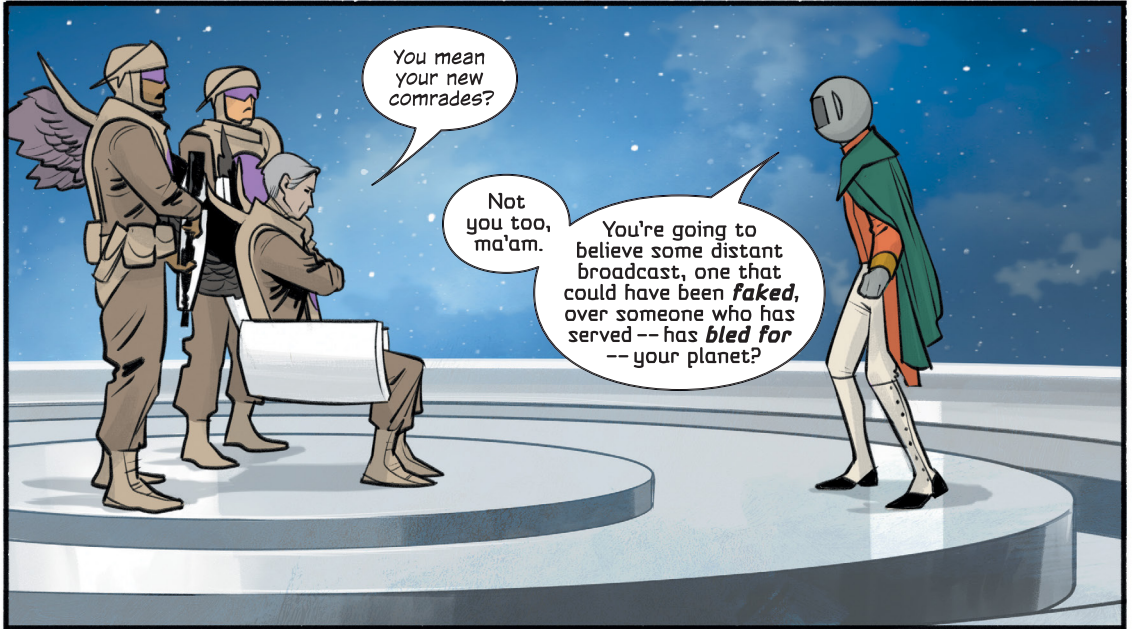
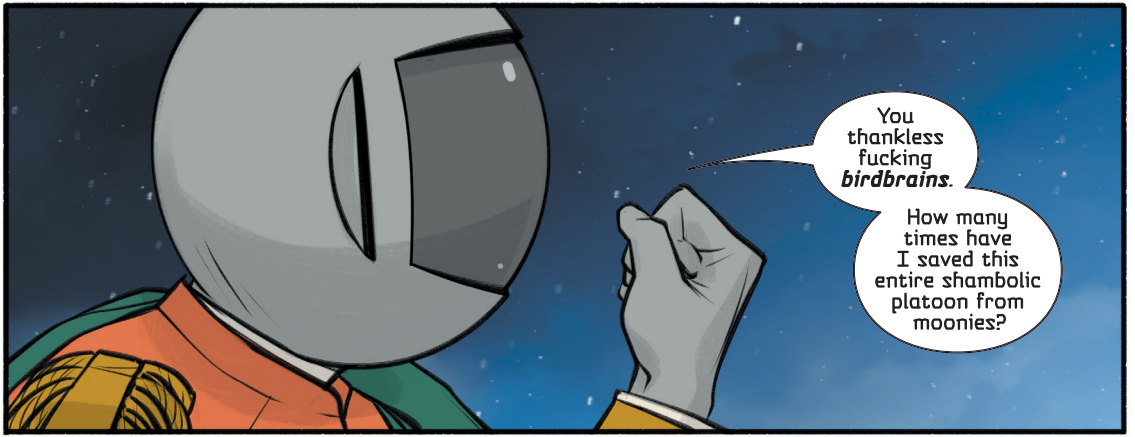


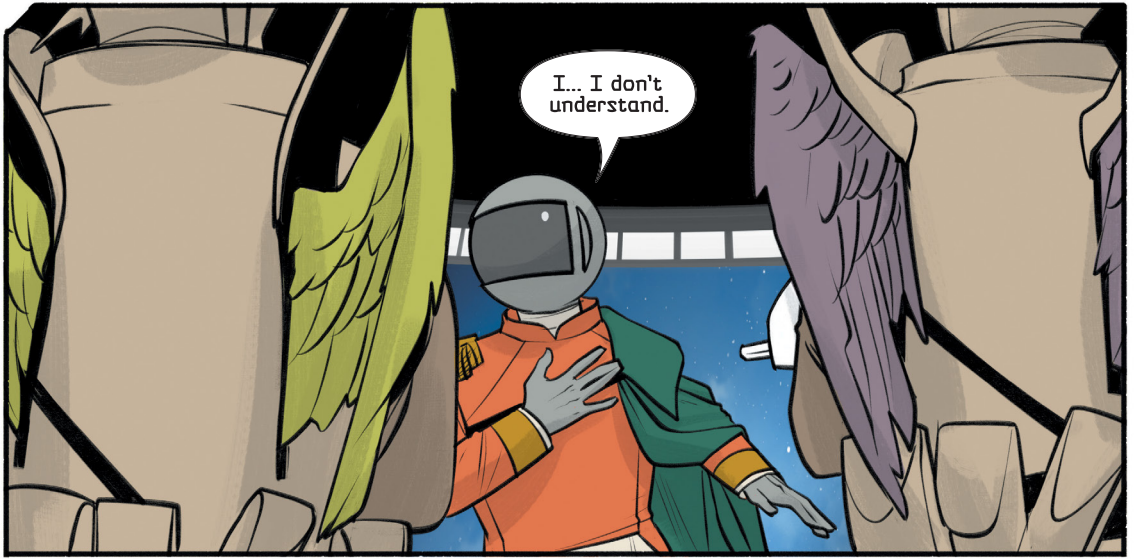
THAT IS ALL.

Anyone else smell a *swap* coming?









I... I don't understand.



There are hundreds of thousands of my brethren actively embedded with Coalition forces.



Why wouldn't our Kingdom have **warned** us what was about to unfold?

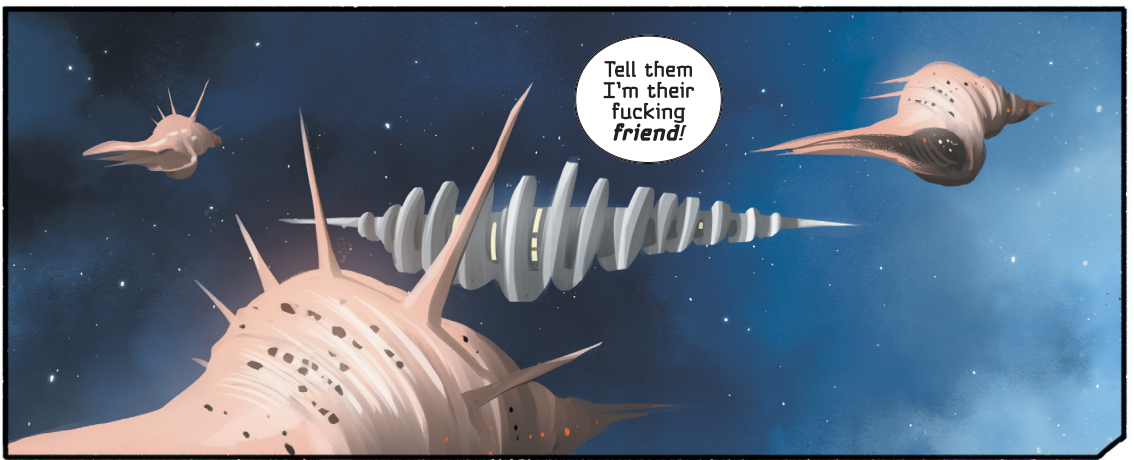
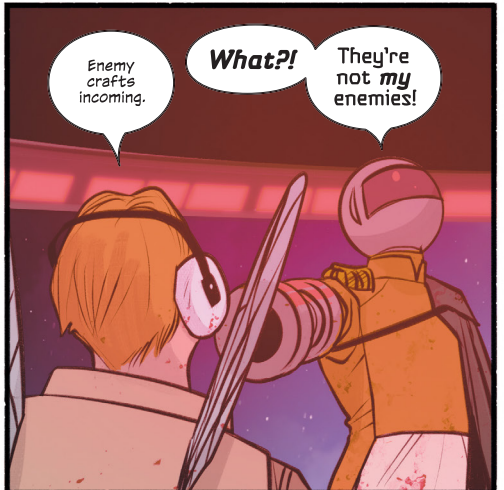
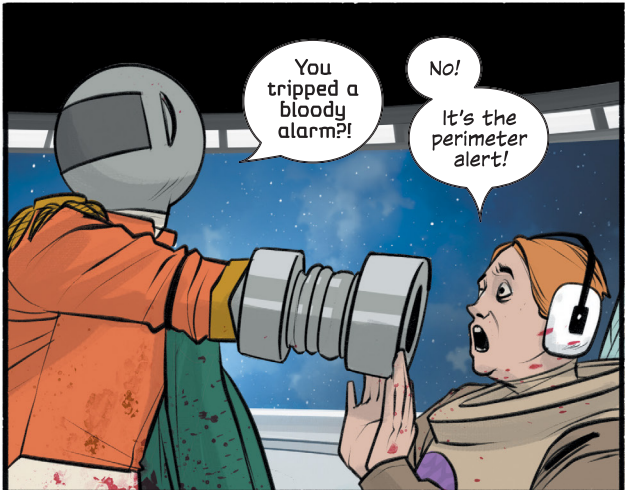
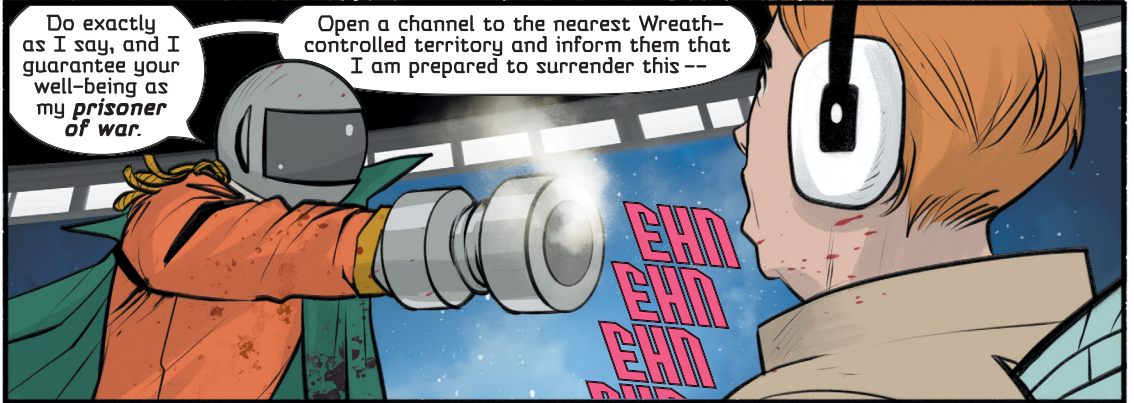


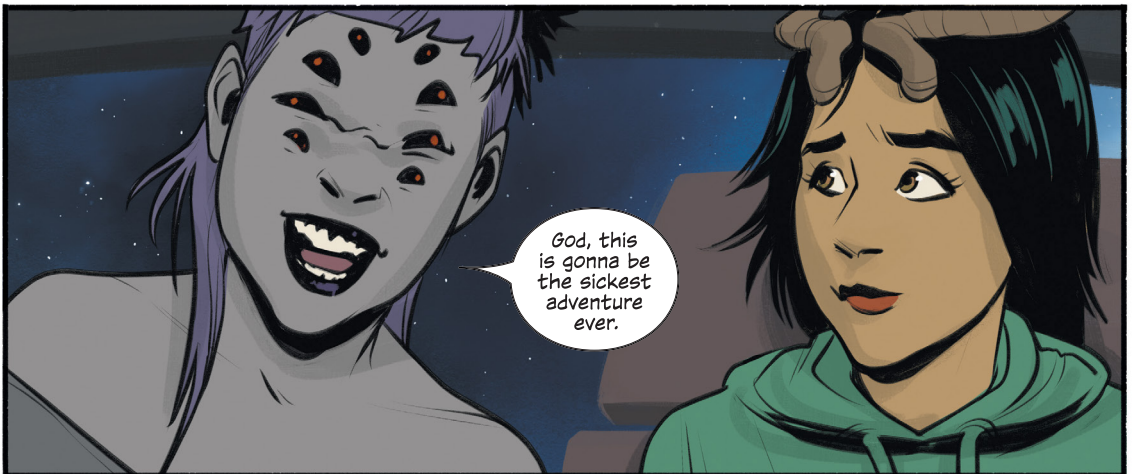
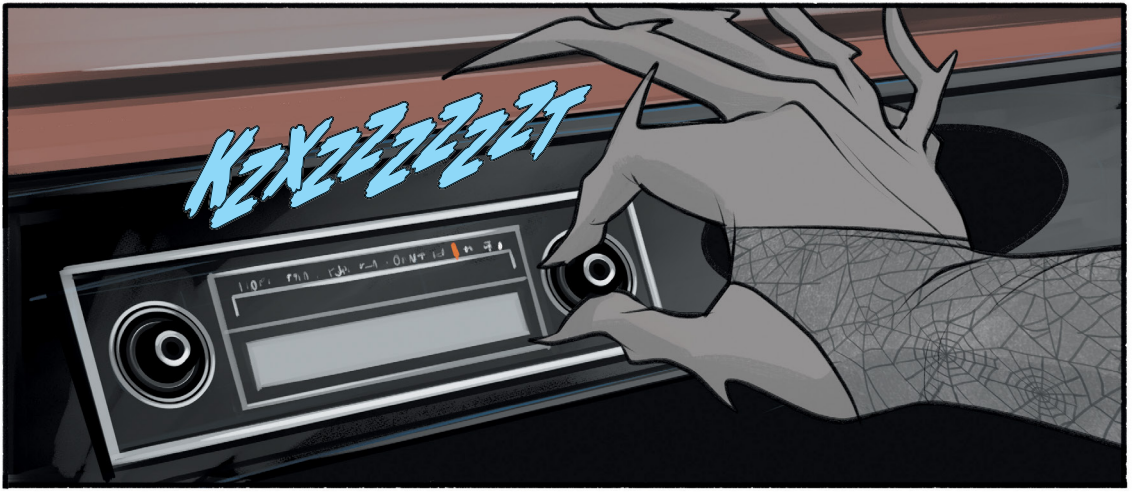
Probably because they never trusted you incestuous assholes any more than **we** ever did.



Alternately.









It'll be the sickest, all right.



But the goal is to *avoid* adventure, Emesis.

We're just gonna pop in, have a psychologically trying visit, then get back to the circus boat in time for Squire's big return.

You might be able to guess how that all goes.



Damn... looks like another skirmish up ahead.

Good thing we're traveling through the vastness of space.

Just go *around* it, Uncle Feld.



Hey, Haze, my batteries died like three systems ago.

Will you please make music happen before I lose my mind?

We were living through history, and history has a way of shitting on even the most carefully laid plans.



Over the red dwarves and through the warps...

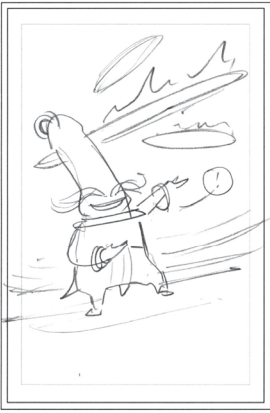
After all, it was a time of war.

...to
Grandfather's
house we
go...

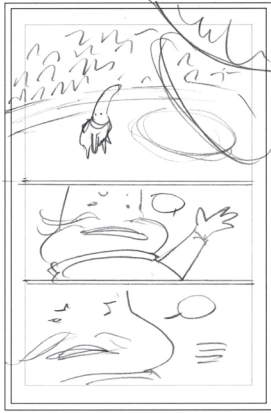


Isn't it always.

to be continued



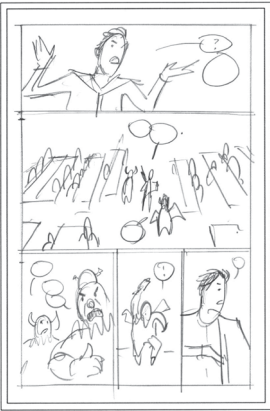
1



2



3



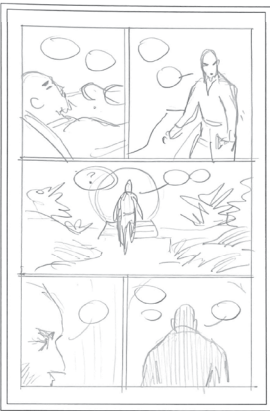
7



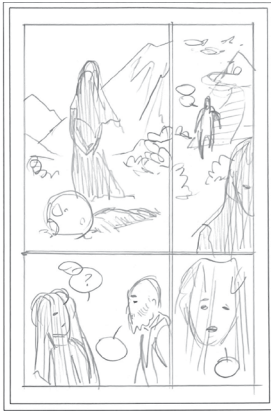
8



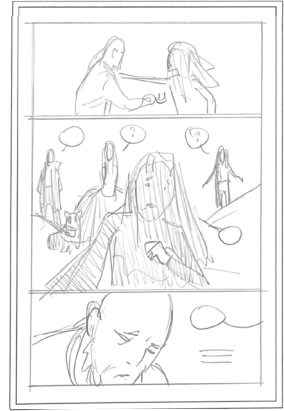
9



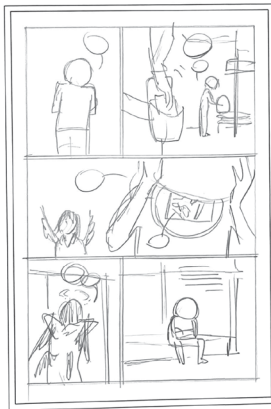
12



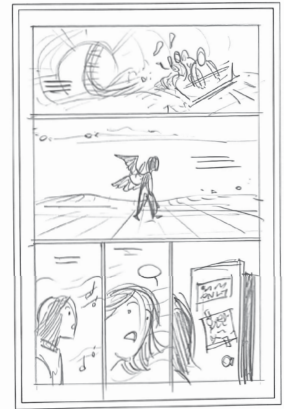
14



15



19



20

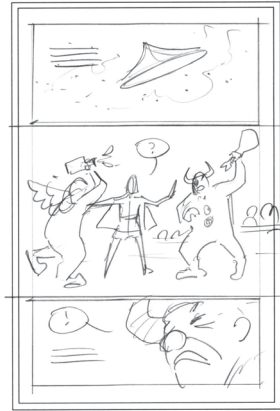
Fiona's thumbnail sketches...



4



5



6



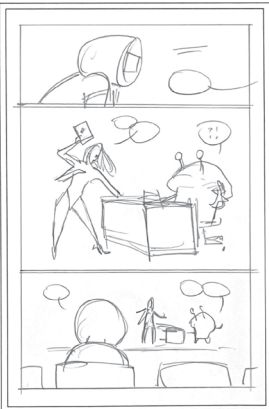
10



11



12



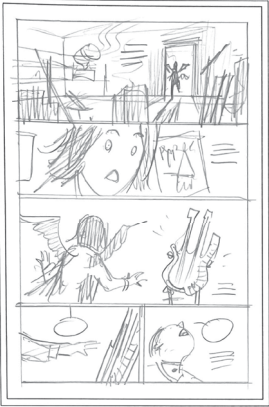
16



17



18



21



22

...for Chapter Sixty-seven.

ALSO AVAILABLE BY **EISNER AWARD** WINNING, **NEW YORK TIMES** BESTSELLING

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN



PAPER GIRLS
ARTIST: CLIFF CHIANG

VOL. 1-6 TRADE PAPERBACKS
Available now from \$9.99 - \$14.99

THE COMPLETE STORY TP
Available now for \$49.99



WE STAND ON GUARD

ARTIST: STEVE SKROCE
"Intriguing, emotional and engaging." -Paste Magazine

DELUXE HARDCOVER
Available now for \$24.99

TRADE PAPERBACK
Available now for \$14.99



THE PRIVATE EYE
ARTIST: MARCOS MARTIN

"You all should be reading Brian K. Vaughan's Paper Girls comic series now."
-The Los Angeles Times

"Colorful and relevant..." -Slate

DELUXE HARDCOVER
Available now for \$49.99



SAGA
ARTIST: FIONA STAPLES

"The comic world's big hit."
-Time Magazine

VOL. 1-11 TRADE PAPERBACKS
Available now from \$9.99 - \$14.99

BOOK ONE-THREE HARDCOVERS
Available now for \$49.99

COMPENDIUM EDITION TP
Available now for \$59.99



IMAGECOMICS.COM

PAPER GIRLS™ © 2023 Brian K. Vaughan & Cliff Chiang, SAGA™ © 2023 Brian K. Vaughan & Fiona Staples, THE PRIVATE EYE™ © 2023 Brian K. Vaughan & Marcos Martin, WE STAND ON GUARD™ © 2023 Brian K. Vaughan & Steve Skroce. All rights reserved. Image Comics® and its logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc.

Featured design:
LYING CAT
by Fiona Staples
and Fonografiks
Style:
REGULAR

Available
at the SAGA
store now!



Saga™

SAGA, its logos, and
all character likenesses
are trademarks of Brian K.
Vaughan & Fiona Staples.
All rights reserved.

Apparel, accessories, art prints and more, **ONLY** at
SAGA.THREADLESS.COM

SCAN THE
CODE TO VISIT
THE STORE



The NSFW new graphic novel from the creators of **PRIDE OF BAGHDAD**

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN **NIKO HENRICHON**

SPECTATORS



SEP 2025

SPECTATORS, its logos, and all associated likenesses are trademarks of Brian K. Vaughan & Niko Henrichon. All rights reserved. IMAGE and the Image Comics logo are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc.

"ROBOT ARISTOCRATS WITH T.V. SETS FOR HEADS, A BALD CAT THAT SENSES LIES AND AN ADORABLE CHILD AT THE CENTER OF A RICHLY IMAGINED GALACTIC CONFLICT—WHAT MORE COULD ANYONE WANT, EXCEPT FOR MORE ISSUES OF THIS LONG-RUNNING SERIES?" SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

"ONE OF THE MOST ICONIC SCIENCE FICTION/FANTASY BOOKS OF THE 21st CENTURY." REACTOR

"I LOVE THAT WORLD... ONE OF MY FREQUENT REREADS." LUPITA NYONG'O IN VANITY FAIR



From the multiple Hugo and Eisner Award-winning team of FIONA STAPLES and BRIAN K. VAUGHAN, SAGA is the sweeping tale of a girl named Hazel and star-crossed family. In this epic twelfth volume, Alana takes on a dangerous new role, her two children make important choices, and the galaxy's balance of power begins to shift.



imagecomics.com



RATED M / MATURE